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Editor
Sharon Fraser
Art Director
Kevin O'Reilly
Associate Editor
Charmaine Gaudet
Copy Editor
Adrienne Malloy
Production Co-ordinator
Pamela Scott

Business Administrator
Mary Savoy

Circulation Supervisor
Heather Lively
Customer Service Representative
Yvonne Power 421-1952

Promotions Co-ordinator
Deanna Almond

Regional Sales
Peter Gildart
Sydney Ann Doyle
1668 Barrington St.
Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2

National Sales
David Richardson Media Services Inc.:
4800 Dundas St. W., Suite 104
Islington, Ontario M9A 1B1
Telephone: (416)232-1394

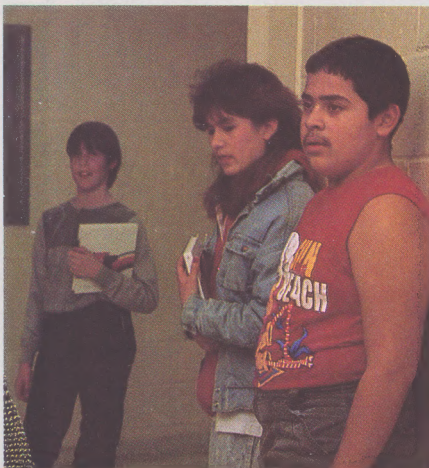
John McGown & Associates Inc.:
Nik Reitz
785 Plymouth Ave., Suite 310
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3
Telephone: (514)735-5191

Eric McWilliam
Suite 1400
1500 West Georgia St.
Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2Z6
Telephone: (604)688-5914

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MAY 1988

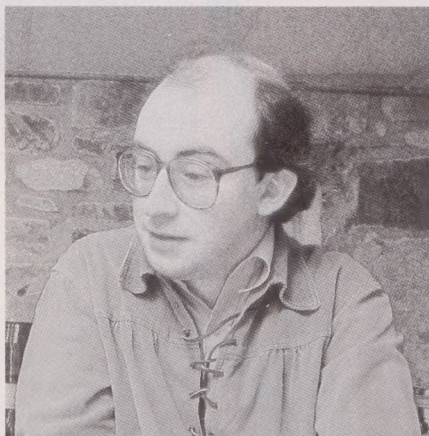
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COVER STORY

Does inferior education on Indian reserves lead to institutionalized racism? Union of New Brunswick Indians president, Graydon Nicholas fights for a better school system. **PAGE 23**

COVER PHOTO BY GEOFFREY GAMMON



MEDIA

An acclaimed newspaper — *New Maritimes* — that's well-known to only a handful of Maritimers, struggles along with dedicated volunteer workers and a core of committed readers. **PAGE 18**

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SUMMER OUTDOORS

Whether you prefer rugged mountain hiking or downtown summer festivals, digging clams on a lonely beach or playing in the sand of a well-populated beach, this is the section for you if you're in Atlantic Canada this summer. **PAGE 29**



FOOD

Early spring's succulent vegetable, asparagus, is not a native of Atlantic Canada but in some places, with care and nurturing, it's learning to feel at home. **PAGE 40**

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Punishing wine drinkers

Should we pay for the privilege of living in this part of Canada? Perhaps many of us would be willing to do so, but no one has ever mentioned that Confederation included a provision that consumers in the Maritimes and Newfoundland should have to pay more for the things they buy than other Canadians.

But we do. The gas pumps in Central Canada always seem to have lower prices than we pay here. And why is it that supermarkets seem to charge 50 per cent more for something simple like lemons compared to what you pay in Toronto or Montreal?

The worst offender — in my eyes at least — is not private enterprise, but public monopoly, in the form of your friendly local government-run liquor store. If you're a wine drinker, as I am, you may have noticed in the last couple of years how prices now seem to increase on a monthly basis. Your common ordinary bottle of French wine, the stuff that is no more specific than claiming to be a Product of France, now costs a cool \$8.00 a bottle in Nova Scotia.

Now we're not talking about the fancy stuff. The Beaujolais Superieur — what the British call a perfectly drinkable ordinary wine — is now priced at \$14.40 a bottle in Canada's Ocean Playground. That's roughly \$3.00 a glass, 50 cents a sip. It's hard to drink that kind of wine at home and not think of filling your glass up with dimes and quarters — which ruins what little pleasure there is left in wine.

Suppose there is something really special in your life, and you decide to celebrate with a bottle of a really fine French vintage. A Chateau Haut-Brion 1978, for example. This would set you back \$134.55. That would be \$25 a glass, \$4 a sip.

We all, however, have a vague suspicion that, with something like wine, most of what we're paying for is not the wine. Rather we're experiencing a virulent variation on the head tax, a wine-drinker's tax. All forms of sin that can be reduced to consumer goods consumption these days are earmarked by provincial and federal finance ministers as wonderful revenue generators, but Atlantic finance ministers have drawn a special bead on wine drinkers, particularly those of us who are partial to imported wine.

The only indication I can see that someone up there knows what they're doing to us and sympathizes with our plight is that they have thoughtfully

removed from the shelves of provincial liquor stores a whole range of the better French and imported wine.

Why let people gaze at bottles of Chablis priced at \$40 or \$50, they must have said, when all they can afford to do is look — and cry? Why stock a drinkable St. Emilion when we're going to be pricing it at \$19.50? Better to stock three different sizes of Canadian wine ranging from \$5.95 for the regular size bottle to \$22.95 for four litres.

All this is a testimonial to that fine principle of government: that what people don't know won't hurt them. Like sheep, we wine drinkers will graze amongst the offerings set out for us, and then passively make our choice from the selection.

What has aroused me from my stupor and apathy was the culture shock I encountered on a recent trip to Edmonton. It was a short stay, but there was time at the end of the day to visit the downtown neighbourhood liquor store. I didn't quite know what to expect but at first casual glance, I thought I must have gone through a time warp and I was revisiting 1983. There were French wines, the ordinary ones, at \$5 and \$6 a bottle.

The Beaujolais was \$9.90, Beaujolais Village \$11.20. One wine I like and can afford is Muscadet. In Nova Scotia, the choice is B&G Muscadet for \$9.45, or a much preferable one in the specialty store Port of Wines for \$12.20. Alberta offers a choice of six in its regular stores, ranging from \$7.65 to \$8.85.

And remember that \$134.55 price in Nova Scotia? Alberta's price for the same wine, same vintage is \$38.50 cheaper — just \$96.05. Even at that bargain price it's beyond the budget of a Maritime publisher.

Looking at the liquor board as just another way of squeezing tax money out of the populace — and after all, that's their major function across the country — there's more than one way to skin the cat. I suspect Alberta of having sophisticated economist advisors who have shown them that they can actually increase their revenues and their profits by offering consumers a wide range of choice, and reasonable prices.

A final warning to my readers: please do not consider the prices quoted here for Nova Scotia wines as accurate. They are certain to have increased between the time this piece was written, and when it reaches your home. For the latest price quotations, visit your nearest friendly liquor store.

— James Lorimer

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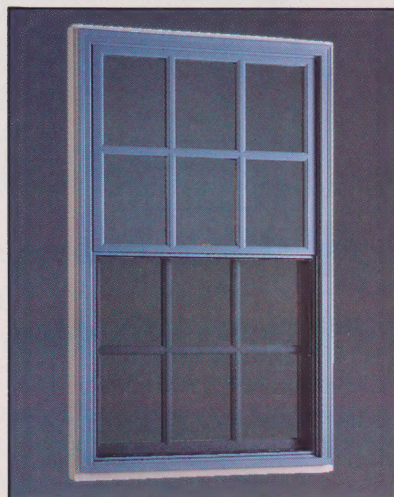
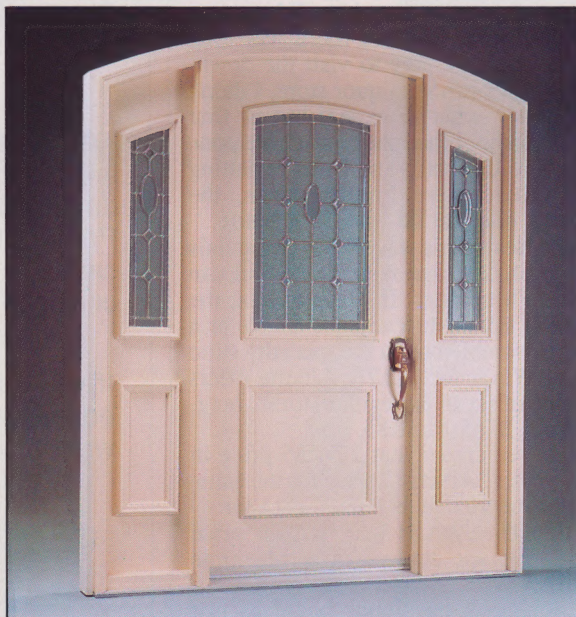
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FEEDBACK

Drilling dispute a crucial issue

I read with great interest *Battle lines clearly drawn on Georges Bank dispute* (Jan. '88) by Cristina Pekarik, on the topic of oil drilling on the Bank. This is an issue that should not only concern the communities along Nova Scotia's South Shore, but all of Nova Scotia, and indeed the Maritime region.

The message must be simple to all and sundry, that "There will be no drilling on the Georges Bank." Period. We must not allow any oil company to convince our governments that it is safe to drill. It is simply not true!... All that any ordinary Nova Scotian would see is a ruined fishery, loss of centuries-old livelihoods and a pipe line running to Upper Canada where they would enjoy oil prices we could only dream about...

R. H. Chaisson
Porter's Lake, N.S.

Appreciates Smallwood update

I was very pleased to read *Dream of securing Newfoundland's history*, (Feb. '88), but saddened to hear about Mr. Smallwood's financial problems concerning his treasured *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*, as well as his personal illness... I have been trying to get information on Mr. Smallwood's progress with his encyclopedia and his health. I have read newspaper articles and have watched television newscasts but only your article has answered all my concerns to date... Mr. Smallwood is a genuine Father of Confederation and a credit to the people of Newfoundland. I sincerely hope we can see his dream come true so that he can take his place in history.

Dale Guy
Selkirk, Man.

Love of animals

The item on raising foxes *Folks* (Feb. '88) made me wonder if Evelyn Thompson's reason for raising foxes is not a contradiction. Her comment "I fell in love with them and they took over my life," appears to be that of an animal lover, but is she not raising foxes to sell for their fur, i.e., fox coats etc.? How can she live with that?

If she loves foxes so much how can she live with the fact that their ultimate destiny is to drape someone's fashionable shoulders?

If she is in fact raising them for zoos, game farms, or wildlife reserves, it should have been pointed out in the article.

I love animals too, but I wouldn't raise them to be sold for fox furs.

Anne LeBlanc
Tumbler Ridge, B.C.

Pushing for tax reform

Robert Wall sums up one injustice in the present income tax system well in *Working Mum loses appeal* (Dec. '87). Last year, I found myself in the same dilemma as Ms. Beaton-Planetta. I held a receipt for a large, work-related, day care expense paid for with income that had already been taxed. I was unable to use it...

I hope, as a result of this story, women who find themselves in this situation will speak out and push for tax reform. I have done so myself by writing to numerous MPs and encourage others to do so as well...

Glenna Jenkins
Halifax, N.S.

Wise and worrisome truths

I recognize that Harry Bruce, being the excellent and interesting writer that he is, is being deliberately provocative in his "devil's advocate" role concerning tourism in the Atlantic Provinces (Feb.'88). Permit me to react by supporting the worrisome truths of many of his views.

I hope that my comments will be considered, not as from a "far away" geography professor in British Columbia, but as a field researcher who has spent about

every third or fourth summer in the Atlantic region for 45 years... Like most geographers, my concern is with how people make use of the physical environments and resources of their region and with how parts of Canada are similar or different from other parts.

One of the things that is different is that (to Americans), it is *Canada* — a foreign country. This should mean promoting little things such as many Canadian and provincial flags and *no* American flags. It could mean building attractive "cabins" rather than look-alike motels. It means promoting local hand-crafts rather than American-style downtown stores.

There is need to promote the places and events that are different. The Reversing Falls of Saint John are something to tell friends back home; but they need ample parking, open photo locations, large signs telling when the tide is in and out and suggestions for activities while waiting for the next tide... The outports of northeastern Newfoundland are unique in North America and many of them are now accessible from the Trans-Canada Highway. But very few people are going to drive through the "nothing" of western Newfoundland to get there.

I am suggesting that the expansion of a tourist-based economy is not a major



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FEEDBACK

hope for increased income in the Atlantic Provinces. There are many difficulties of far-away location and similarities of natural environments and urban landscapes. The summer season is too short to greatly help annual incomes and there is little hope (or interest?) in promoting winter activities. Perhaps this "leftist" magazine out of Enfield, N.S. (which I haven't seen) was being more realistic than pessimistic. They seemed to be saying things that the people in the tourist industry will not like, but should carefully consider. What, exactly, can or should the region be selling to visitors?

*J. Lewis Robinson
Vancouver, B.C.*

False ranting and roaring

Readers of *Insight* around the world — Newfoundlanders especially to their stations — should be alerted to published evidence of piracy without a moment's delay.

My wife and I (Nova Scotians) were right some phoxed to receive direct from some other Maritimers (New Brunswickers, as it happens, living in Australia) this aberration which poses as an ode to Brisbane ladies:

*And we'll rant and we'll roar like true
Queensland drovers,
We'll rant and we'll roar as onward we
push,*

*Until we return to Augathella station,
And it's flaming dry going through old
Queensland bush.*

*Farewell and adieu to you, Brisbane
ladies,*

*Farewell and adieu to the girls of
Toowong,
We've sold all our cattle and can't stay no
longer,*

*But we hope that we'll see you again
before long.*

*So fill up your glasses and drink to the
lasses,*

*We'll drink this town dry, then farewell to
all.*

*And when we return again from
Augathella,*

*We'll always be willing to pay you a call.
(Brisbane Ladies, Traditional)*

Whichever Aussie publication had the gall to print this pale, awkward version, calling it traditional, we don't know. But to rant and to roar "through the old Queensland bush" and bid ta-ta "to the girls of Toowong"...? Holy chain lightning!

Maybe that irrepressible Ray Guy should be commissioned post-haste to match parody for parody. Let him start by scoffing *Waltzing Matilda* and chowderizing it to a fare-thee-well (imagine the brouhaha down under).

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Milk: situation out of control

A city solicitor has been using all his spare time to work on lowering milk prices for Newfoundland consumers

by John Gushue

Do Newfoundlanders pay too much for milk? Stephen Stafford, a St. John's lawyer and an outspoken critic of the milk pricing system, says yes. Martin Hammond, manager of the provincial Milk Marketing Board, says no. And agriculture minister Charlie Power, whose department is responsible for the controversial marketing board, says maybe.

Two years ago, the Milk Marketing Board, acting on behalf of the province's 74 independent milk farmers, instituted a minimum retail price of \$2.29 for a two-litre container of milk. Because many retailers had been selling milk at a loss to draw consumers into their stores, the demand for fresh milk was fluctuating too greatly, the producers said.

As well, fierce competition between larger stores and supermarkets was creating an unpredictable market for local milk. Measures were needed to protect the local industry, the Milk Marketing Board argued, and a minimum retail price for milk seemed to be the best move.

But Stafford, a lawyer for the City of St. John's, disagreed, and argued the marketing board's move was not within its jurisdiction, and was also against the interest of Newfoundland consumers. Stafford took his case to a government-appointed tribunal and Newfoundland's courts, and was vindicated when the Supreme Court ruled in his favour in May, 1987.

Stafford, though, called that ordeal only a battle of a bigger war. Indeed, when milk producers this January brought in a 3.25 cent-per-litre increase, which was backed and approved by an independent review, processors tacked on an unapproved 3.75 cents-a-litre. Stafford said business was still as usual in the local milk industry.

However, Power decided milk processors had gone too far, and stepped in to temporarily stop the extra price increase. An independent firm was commissioned to study whether the processors' demand was justifiable and was expected to report to government during April.

Still, the independent audit doesn't satisfy Stafford, who claims the study won't have any effect "because the damage is done." He also says the study's credibility has already been destroyed because its terms of reference were set by a committee incorporating government

representatives from the departments of Agriculture and Consumer Affairs and from the Milk Marketing Board itself.

Hammond says because those terms of reference include a news blackout until the study is completed, he is prevented from commenting on details. Although Stafford claims the Milk Board "has become unaccountable" and "is out of control," Hammond says the board, which includes consumer representation, is "only acting within the mandate we have been given."



Stafford and milk go hand in hand

Although Stafford says a petition he circulated last summer — which calls for a full public inquiry into the province's milk industry — attracted about 10,000 signatures, Hammond is skeptical about its size because Stafford has never released the names. "Evidently, he didn't get the names," Hammond says. "Evidently, people don't really support him." (Stafford, who presented only the numbers to government, says he has held on to the petitions "as a back-up.")

Further, Hammond dismisses Stafford's maverick manoeuvres to bring down the price of milk. "I don't comment too much on Mr. Stafford. He's a city solicitor. He's not an expert on milk farming in Newfoundland," says Hammond.

But Stafford says he has learned

enough about milk production to know that Newfoundlanders are paying too much for milk. Some estimates place the average Newfoundland retail price for fresh milk at 12 per cent above the rate in Nova Scotia and Stafford claims it is "not uncommon" for consumers in the province to pay more than \$3 for a two-litre carton of milk.

Stafford also says he has learned not to trust the government. He says although Department of Agriculture representatives, including Power, were interested in hearing what he had to say, they have done nothing since. He says a report presented to the department last year, and updated this year, has evoked no response.

"I don't have a great deal of faith in the government, because I have to question their sincerity," says Stafford. "The independent report will have no effect, because to have an effect, you have to have a government that is sensitive and in tune with what's going on in this field."

However, Power says he has not responded to Stafford's proposals because they have taken a long time to digest. "A lot of his ideas are long-term proposals and they need long-term consideration. I'm consulting with the staff in my department before I say anything," says Power. "Some of Mr. Stafford's proposals are good, and others are not so easy to implement."

Power also says government is committed to finding an appropriate resolution to the milk price conflict. "We are very worried about their markets because, on the one hand we have producers who are worried about their markets, and on the other we have considerable concerns that consumers are paying too much," he says. He added that if the independent study finds the processors' price hike is not justified, "we may look at the composition of the Milk Marketing Board. But that's only a possibility."

Two years of campaigning against milk pricing has taken its toll on Stafford. With a heavy workload at City Hall, Stafford found that his consumer advocacy work was "taking up every night, every weekend, practically every spare moment I had. There came a point where I had to decide if I wanted to keep up with it."

"Disillusioned" with government's response, Stafford decided to stick to the sidelines and comment only occasionally. Although the provincial branch of the Canadian Consumers' Association and other groups have endorsed his work, Stafford says it is no longer worth his time to keep fighting with the same intensity.

"The marketing board was set up with good intentions, but we now have a situation that is out of control. I've tried to put brakes on the system," he says, "but there's only so much a person can do." ☒

RAY FENNELLY

Sobering times for teenagers battling alcohol addiction

Alcohol abuse among teenagers on the Island has led to the establishment of a unique addiction-fighting program

by Dan Viau

Beth and Alex aren't really any different from most teenagers. They like to hang out and have fun with their friends. But they don't drink — at least not any more. It's not that they never did though. At the tender ages of 17 and 18 years, they are both recovering alcoholics.

For most young people today, "having fun" involves alcohol. Illicit drug use has declined in the past few years to roughly one in four teenagers today. But alcohol has made a comeback. Eighty-five per cent of high school students in Prince Edward Island say they drink regularly. It's an alarming number, but no higher than in the other Atlantic Provinces, according to recent surveys. What is surprising, perhaps, is that most teenagers drink abusively — that is, they drink to get drunk. At least, that's what 29-year-old Gregg MacKinnon says, and he should know. He did it too. A recovering alcoholic, MacKinnon is a therapist at the non-profit Alcohol and Drug Problems Institute in Charlottetown, where a program is helping young people kick alcohol and other drugs. It's an intensive approach, based on education and identification, designed to help young people see that drinking and using drugs can make a mess of their lives.

Once therapists like MacKinnon break through each young person's denial, they help the young person see the physical, emotional and spiritual sickness that results from obsession with alcohol and drugs. With new hope, the young people are shown how to create a personal recovery program based largely on the "one-day-at-a-time" approach of Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous.

MacKinnon has been clean for four and a half years after drinking and using all sorts of street drugs since he was 13. "It takes one to know one," he says. He uses a blunt, straightforward approach to shatter the false images the kids have of themselves.

"You lay out all the symptoms for them, demonstrate to them this is dependency on alcohol or drugs, and point out these are the symptoms they're exhibiting. Once the kids see what booze and drugs are doing to them, you give them a support system — a means to

cope with their addiction and their life, drug-free."

The privately-funded "adolescent program" consists of two-hour classroom-style group sessions, twice a week for four weeks. Few young people choose to take the program on their own — most are brought in by parents, referred by guidance counsellors or ordered in after getting in trouble with the law. But once they are placed in the program by a therapist, it's up to the kids to choose recovery by taking responsibility for their lives.

Program director Dr. Marjorie Smith says in many ways it's a lot tougher for young people. Dr. Smith, who works full-time at the institute, says physiologically, the developing brain is more sensitive to the actions of alcohol and other mood-altering chemicals, producing more dramatic results when abuse occurs.



MacKinnon is a recovering alcoholic too

"Alcohol and drug abuse create more severe and intense emotional disturbances in adolescents, who are still developing their personalities and value systems," says Smith.

Some kids come in thinking they can play along, get their parents and other adults off their backs, and drink or use drugs again. But MacKinnon says they're not fooling anyone. "It becomes really obvious if they're lying because even if we don't see it, the circumstances in their

lives will demonstrate it to us, and to them," says MacKinnon. "There's a real difference between an adolescent that's using and one that's not, or has quit using. The kids' attitudes will change, they'll start thinking differently about things, and behaving differently.

"That's not behaviour modification in the traditional sense, it's the result of recovery from an addiction — as people begin to recover from their dependency on alcohol or other drugs, their attitudes and behaviour modify. The lying stops, or greatly diminishes. They get honest." MacKinnon says the kids aren't inherently bad and getting them to be "good" won't lead them to stop drinking or using drugs — but eliminating the alcohol and drugs will lead them out of trouble at home, in school and on the streets.

Beth found out recovery begins with honesty, the hard way. She started the program after her mother threatened to throw her out of the house. "I planned to go for six weeks," she says. "Then get out and party again." She stayed clean for almost three months, but then she slipped — a term used when someone returns to their previous alcohol or drug use — and drank again.

"I was doing it for my mother, doing it for everyone else but myself, but that doesn't work. You have to do it for yourself or it doesn't work. You have to get honest — if you feel like you want to drink you have to talk about it."

The support of other young people staying clean and sober is essential. The program's "aftercare" group meets for one hour twice a week in an open discussion format led by a therapist. The kids must attend for six months, but many stay in for up to nine months. They're also encouraged to become involved with local A.A. and N.A. groups started by other young people staying clean and sober. The number of these groups on the Island has steadily grown in recent years, to the point where there are now five meetings in Charlottetown every week, and other groups active in Summerside and Montague.

Is it worth it to stay straight? Alex thinks so. "I started using when I was 11 and I went right into it from there. It wasn't long before I didn't do much else. Now it's different. It used to be to have fun I'd go in town and pick up some hash or whatever. Now, if I want to have fun I go out and actually have fun."

Getting sober means giving up friends, at least in the beginning. Both Alex and Beth say they go around now with other kids who don't drink or do drugs. "Most of the people I hung around with do drugs," says Alex. "I don't hang around with them now. I don't give them a call on Friday night to see what they're doing, because generally I'll know what they're doing."



COURTESY OF MT&T

Responding to emergencies made easier with 911

By 1990, Nova Scotians will be able to get emergency help from a total of 400 agencies simply by dialling 911

by Mark Alberstat

Last November, Don Farmer, a vice president at Maritime Tel & Tel, was driving in Bedford when suddenly the car in front of him struck a parked car and injured a passenger. Farmer quickly dialled 911 on his car telephone and before he finished giving his name and other information to the police, emergency vehicles were on the scene.

Farmer admits that if he had been a few hundred yards away, outside Bedford limits, he would not have known the emergency numbers and would have lost valuable time finding a phone book and having the emergency call passed on.

Within two years, however, all of Nova Scotia will be linked together under one 911 emergency number system which will give the distressed caller immediate access to more than 400 emergency agencies around the province. Nova Scotia will have the first province-wide 911 system, though eight other provinces have the system in some cities.

Currently Bedford is the only municipality in Nova Scotia with a 911 system. Most others have four or seven-digit emergency numbers like Halifax/Dartmouth's 4103 or 4105. Studies have shown, however, that 66 per cent of people don't know their local police number and 96 per cent don't know their local fire number. The 911 system will eliminate this problem with only one number to remem-

ber for all emergencies.

The system which MT&T is establishing is called E-911, or Enhanced 911. It differs from Bedford's or those in other cities across the country in that callers will not have to tell the operator their location. Computers will be able to locate the address and transmit it instantly to the appropriate emergency agency.

The 911 system will save on response time and money because of an expected reduction in crank calls to emergency numbers. "Once the general public knows that we can identify where the call is coming from people won't make crank calls," says Colin Latham, vice president of marketing for MT&T.

Latham says the reduction in crank calls will help prevent "the dangerous and costly dispatching of emergency vehicles. When fire engines and other emergency services are out on these false alarms they are not there to respond to the real emergency calls that may come in."

The idea of a 911 system for the province has been kicking around for about 20 years. But it is only in recent years that the computerized equipment has been developed to make it possible and economically feasible. The computer must be able to identify the phone number of the caller and almost simultaneously produce the address from where the call is coming. It's worth noting that there are approximately 423,000 telephones in

Nova Scotia.

"We already have number identification and we can trace the address of a number because that is used in billing, so we're marrying these two systems," says Latham. "This equipment, however, is not something you simply order."

The system is by no means inexpensive. Setting up the entire network will cost MT&T approximately \$5 to \$6 million and the provincial government an estimated \$1 million annually to keep the operation running and staffed.

MT&T's money will be spent on the equipment which the emergency operators will be using, refitting the 5,000 pay phones across the province to accept 911 without requiring any coins and modifying the 160 telephone offices so the dialled signal goes directly to the 911 emergency centre. The location of this centre is not yet known.

The two-year waiting period will be spent gearing up the telephone system and getting the equipment needed to modify the switching offices. The system will be phased in when new telephone books are published in order to limit confusion about which emergency numbers to use. The Emergency Measures Organization, or E.M.O., will also organize a public awareness campaign which will tell Nova Scotians about the 911 system and what it can do for them.

For the E.M.O., this is one of the biggest, most important projects to date. Currently, the department has an annual budget of \$550,000. The addition of the 911 system will triple that figure and increase the staff from 10 to 35.

"It's big and we've approached it not without some trepidation either," says John Perkins, the Halifax area zone controller for E.M.O. "Tripling your budget and your staff is something you obviously don't do lightly but we feel it is a very important project and we're looking forward to having such a fine state-of-the-art system."

The idea of an all-inclusive emergency number dates back to 1937 when Great Britain instituted a 999 system. The United States followed suit in the late 1960s. The Enhanced 911 concept had its birth in Chicago in 1974.

One of the children who grew up with a 999 system in Britain was MT&T's Latham. "I remember in school that the only thing they taught us about the telephone was how to dial 999 in case of an emergency. At the age of five or six, I knew how to dial that emergency number — didn't know how to dial any other number, but that one I knew," says Latham.

The response time saved by having a 911 system can be very important in any type of emergency. Fire officials say one minute saved at the beginning of a fire saves one hour in putting out the flames. ☑

Ignorance still a factor in rising teen pregnancy rates

More than 7,000 children have been born to teenage mothers in the province since 1980 and the numbers are on the increase

Shirley was only 17 when her son was born and sometimes she feels it was the biggest mistake of her life. She depended on luck to keep her from getting pregnant and when her luck ran out it was too late to think about taking precautions. Shirley's parents asked her to leave home and her father has not spoken with her since. She's on social assistance and struggling to make a life for herself and her child.

Tanya's story is happier. Her son is two years old and she attends university. She has the support of her parents and family.

Both Shirley and Tanya are fictitious names, but the girls and their situations are real. They both live in New Brunswick's Miramichi region, which has one of the highest rates of teen pregnancies in the province. More than 700 babies have been born to teenage mothers (19 and under) along the Miramichi since 1980. The provincial figure is more than 7,000. And the numbers are not decreasing. In fact, many refer to teenage pregnancies as an "epidemic in North America."

Shirley and Tanya are just two in an alarming number of teenage mothers. Opinions vary on reasons why teen pregnancies are becoming such a problem, but Jeanne Breau feels the main one is ignorance and her work is geared towards reducing this. As co-ordinator of the Miramichi's reproductive health clinic in Chatham, Breau is trying to educate children in local communities about preventive measures available to them if they are sexually active.

"Abstinence is strongly emphasized at the clinic, but by the time we're able to reach the children or they come to us, many are already sexually active," she says. Statistics and studies show almost 50 per cent of teenagers today are sexually active by the time they're 16. Breau feels the facts can no longer be hidden from them. Although she says she can't change society, teenagers have to know what reality is before they can deal with it. "And parents have to ask themselves which could be worse, a pregnant daughter or a daughter on the birth control pill."

Other factors contributing to the pregnancy rate are peer pressure, lack of sex education in the schools, television and lack of communication between

parents and their children. Occasionally a teenage girl may decide to have a child so she can leave an unhappy home environment, but the availability of social assistance for teenage mothers is not so much a contributing factor today, Breau says.

The phrases "everyone is doing it" and "curiosity killed the cat" also describe why many teenagers become sexually active, Breau says. "Many teenagers watch the soap operas and they see people continually jumping in and out of bed, but no one ever seems to get pregnant."



Breau: the facts can no longer be hidden

Sex education in the classroom is dangerously deficient in the province, she says. In Miramichi area schools, sex education only reaches a minimal number of students. At James M. Hill Memorial High School in Chatham, Breau spoke with 50 students in two grade 12 Family Living classes. There are 930 students in the school.

District 10 school board chair, Terry Hambrook doesn't think there is a teen pregnancy problem in his school district. "We do not feel we have an epidemic. What's an epidemic and who decides if it is one?" But John Lordon, supervisor

of District 10 high schools, says there is a gap in education. No sex education programs are offered between grades nine and 12. "I think the role of the school is that of providing the basic information. The moral issues in sex are more properly the territory of the family and the church." The school cannot teach about morals because different students are from different religious denominations and the "schools are not in the position to tell them what's right or wrong," Lordon says.

In the neighbouring District 8, superintendent Mike Coster says the perfect situation would be for students to learn about sex at home, but that doesn't always happen. So the school system has to expand on the information students get at home, "which, in a lot of cases, is nothing at all."

Tanya says she didn't have an open relationship with her mother. "I wouldn't talk to her about things like that." Shirley was raised in a Roman Catholic home and says, "pre-marital sex and the birth control pill are against our religion."

One source of help for pregnant teenagers is Adolescent Parents and Children, a mandatory program for all teenage mothers receiving social assistance. Its aim is to teach young mothers about their new responsibility and to help them realize their life doesn't have to end. The program also tries to encourage continuing education and stresses self-esteem.

Income Assistance Minister Laureen Jarrett wants to see her department work towards helping teenage mothers and other unemployed people get work. "We have to work with all people, be they single mothers or somebody else, to give them experience and training in life skills." She hates to see teenagers have babies "because they are still children themselves and to put this type of burden on them and their child is hard."

Social assistance is helping Tanya continue her education while raising her son. Although she sometimes wonders where she would be today if she had not given birth to her son, she's making the best of her situation.

Shirley is not adjusting as well. During the interview, she broke down several times trying to describe the situation surrounding her pregnancy. "My parents are old-fashioned...I hope that they might come around sometime," she says. Her social worker Shelly Forrest, who sat in on the interview, says parents sometimes react like that. "It seems to be the initial reaction, but many come around in time."

Forrest says, "I can't change what happened, but I'm there to remind the girls that it's not the end of the world. There is a tomorrow and they can have control of their lives."

MYRNA DAWSON-HOVEY



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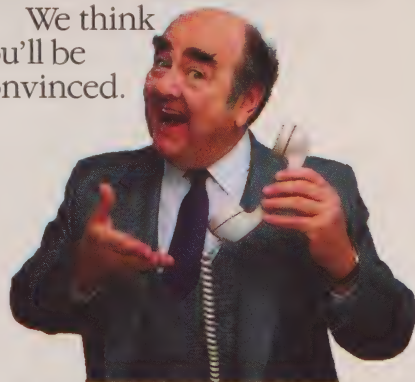
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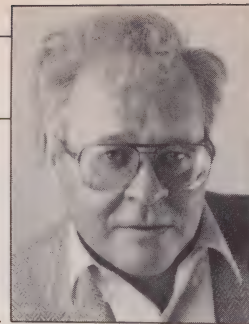


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Getting it all wrong

The toughest question a journalist ever hears is this: "Why is it that whenever I read a newspaper or magazine story on something I really know about, the reporter's got it all wrong?" You hear this from scientists, academics, business people, politicians, and indeed, just about anyone who breaks into the news. It's almost impossible to answer. Sometimes it's not meant to be answered. It's a rhetorical trick to launch a session of media-bashing. Or perhaps the critic has been hurt by a particular story and what he means by "wrong" is "embarrassing to me" or "wrong, from my point of view" or "not the way I'd have put it to make myself look good." But if the journalist points out that "wrong" is a matter of interpretation, the critic may reply, "No, no, I'm talking about facts. The facts were just plain wrong. Why is that?"

I don't know, and I wish I did. It's the one charge for which there's rarely any defence. I can handle accusations that the press is rude, cruel, tasteless, parochial, trivializing, distorting, yellow, muck-raking, sensation-mongering and gutter-sniffing. But when a critic shows me a story that puts words into the mouth of someone who never uttered them, or repeatedly misspells a person's name, or gives people the wrong titles, or screws up a dollar-figure, I cringe with embarrassment for my craft. (I'm too old-fashioned to call reporting a profession.)

In the infancy of *Atlantic Insight*, which I edited, it described plans for a Halifax hospital complex, "for which estimates run as high as \$800 million," and quoted a Dr. J.E. Harris. Dr. Harris, it turned out, was really Dr. J.E. Harris Miller; and the estimates ran only as high as \$80 million. Ouch. Nine years have passed since my magazine printed those boners, and I'm sure Dr. Miller has forgiven me. But I haven't.

It gave me no comfort that *Maclean's*, with its squad of professional fact-checkers, later told all of Canada that Victor Oland, who had just died, was a member of a Halifax brewing family, and among all those who knew of the fierce and famous commercial rivalry between the two sets of Olands, *Maclean's* once more stood revealed as dismally ignorant of the Maritimes. I hate to see any magazine or newspaper, no matter how small or distant, stand revealed as dismally ignorant of anything, and that's why I wish a daily in Arizona

had not felt compelled to print the following correction:

"The story on Sun City businesswoman Karen Lapp, which appeared in Monday's *News-Sun*, had some minor factual errors. Draper and Damon's home office is in Costa Mesa, California, not Pasadena. Her husband Richard published but did not write the book *God's Care for Widows*, and not *God's Careful Widows*. Also, the Lapps' Tuesday night Bible study is held at a Sun City business and not at the Country Meadows home, and his parents live in Glendale, not Sun City."

Like a surgeon who dislikes stories about other surgeons who've left sponges in patients' bellies, like a lawyer who'd rather not hear yet another tale about a fellow lawyer who's absconded with a trusting widow's money, I hate finding egregious errors in newspapers. But in 1986, I stumbled on a shameful boob in one of the more self-important dailies in Upper Canada. The blunder concerned a lavish lunch that Prime Minister Mulroney had thrown for a conference in the Bahamas of the heads of the Commonwealth governments.

The Nassau hotel that served the lunch was the Graycliff — once the winter mansion of bluenose financier Izaak Walton Killam and the blonde, bejeweled Mrs. Dorothy Killam — which now boasted an exquisite restaurant. While researching a story about the building, I interviewed one of the proprietors, a slender, entrancing Venetian named Anna Maria Garzaroli. Never before at one sitting, she said, had Graycliff served a dozen heads of government, plus 40 diplomats and support staff. Her pastry chef had invented a cake, embellished with a supremely edible maple leaf, and the prime ministers all gave the dessert a round of applause, and then they withdrew to the garden where, under a slew of flags at a table covered in linen, they signed a treaty that committed Canada to do better by the Caribbean for all the years to come.

A few days later, I found a four-month-old news story that had appeared in the Upper Canadian newspaper one day after the signing ceremony. The reporter had not attended the lunch, probably because no one had invited her. But neither had she gone to the Graycliff to find out what it looked like. She had not looked it up in the phone book to discover its address. Nor had she asked

any Bahamian, "Hey, what's this Graycliff like, anyway?" In her zeal to draw a clever contrast between the obscene luxury of the lunch and the agonizing poverty of the Caribbean peasants who were supposed to benefit from the treaty, she said Mulroney had pampered the premiers at a luxurious beachfront hotel on Paradise Island. Wrong. All wrong.

Paradise Island lies across the harbour from Nassau. It boasts a dozen modern high-rise hotels with more than 3,000 rooms for gamblers, glitterati and glitz-addicts; but the Graycliff is not modern, not beachfront, and not on Paradise Island. It's more than two centuries old and full of antiques. It's low and cosy, with only a dozen rooms and so deep in the heart of Nassau that, from its windows and garden walls, you can't even see a beach. The reporter had apparently assumed that since Paradise Island was famous among Canadians for luxury holidays, the government-funded feast simply must have occurred there. She thus broke an old rule of journalism: DON'T ASSUME. Most readers never knew how wrong she was, or gave a pinch of beaver dung about the location of the Graycliff, but she offered squads of government snots another chance to sneer, "Those media meatheads can't get anything right. They can't even get a hotel address right. Why trust them with anything important?" She let down the side.

A fine Canadian journalist made my heart flutter with gratitude by praising a book of my essays, but she ended her review by saying we'd last met while listening to Rita MacNeil sing at Ginger's in Halifax. She said it was the first time I'd seen MacNeil, and put these words in my mouth: "I was lured here by my daughter, who says I'm much too old not to know about Rita MacNeil." I never said that. I saw Rita perform years before either my daughter or the journalist had ever heard of her. Moreover, I met the journalist not at Ginger's but at the Ladies Beverage Room.

A weekly paper in my corner of Nova Scotia recently described me as having "retired" in Port Shoreham. The paper neither meant nor caused any harm. It was just wrong. I haven't retired. Jeez, I'm only 53. I hope to be writing till I'm 93, and I also hope that, by then, I'll no longer be complaining that whenever I read a story about something I really know about (which will be me), the reporter's got it all wrong. ☒

The politics of anger put in print

New Maritimes is written mostly by untrained journalists who bring to its pages a fervent desire to change the world

Three times, *New Maritimes* has been included in *The Eyeopener*, an anthology of the best journalism in Canada produced by the National Centre for Investigative Journalism. The Goodwin's Foundation, which rewards excellence in alternative media, honoured it for a story called "Jobs, Jobs, Jobs: Litton and the Militarization of Job Creation in the Maritimes." It was a runner-up for the Morningside Award for Investigative Journalism for an article on the Renous prison written by Lorraine Begley. Last year, it won an Atlantic Journalism Award for best magazine article in the region for Ken Clare's story on a union-organizing drive at Michelin Tire.

A proud record, especially considering that the great majority of Atlantic Canadians have probably never heard of it.

New Maritimes is a monthly publication — a newsprint tabloid — that comes

out of Enfield, N.S. just outside Halifax. It's indexed in the Alternative Press Index, the Canadian Magazine Index and the Canadian Periodical Index. Most of the people who work for it volunteer their time and skills. But what makes it so good?

New Maritimes departs from the mainstream with its emphasis on the subjective experience of the author. To this day, most contributors are not journalists, says Gary Burrill, the managing editor: in fact, nine-tenths of the paper is written by people "not even in the habit of writing, but who know a lot about the areas being discussed." Those who get printed are those trying to change their environment. "Anyone can write," Burrill says. "It's thinking that people need to learn."

It's this kind of radical vision that has translated Burrill's dream of a regional, left-wing periodical into an award-winning journal. It's also a

sentiment that arises frequently in his conversation. He has trouble, for example, hiding his distaste for computers. For one thing, he says, technology has removed communication from the working process. "It's amazing the faith some people put in those things," he says, still perplexed by the current shift towards high-tech production. "Writers think that somehow this machine is going to solve their problems with pasting and cutting, when the real problems are solved with your hands in your pockets, thinking."

Underneath the discussion about computers, however, is a nagging suspicion that adopting new publishing methods could alter the form of *New Maritimes*. As a self-described "independent regional monthly," *New Maritimes* is a left-wing periodical that traditionally avoids publishing on the basis of presentation, image and marketing. By avoiding modern publishing methods, however, how does *New Maritimes* survive?



Scott Milsom, left, and Gary Burrill, who first worked together for an unemployment group, now co-operate on *New Maritimes*

Rick Williams, an instructor at the Maritime School of Social Work in Halifax and a long-time contributor to *New Maritimes*, ponders the question. He sees a difference between *New Maritimes* and other left-wing publications of the late '60s and early '70s. "The content is more substantive," he says of *New Maritimes*. "There are larger articles and more research, and the writers have more knowledge of their subjects." He feels that *New Maritimes* doesn't fit into any conventional category of print journalism. "People don't see it as news," says Williams, "but it's not academic either. It's really a large newsletter, documenting what's happening."

And why has the paper received so much recognition? The board members say that *New Maritimes* can only be understood in the context of its vision for the region. This "vision" becomes

more apparent after reading Rick Williams' afterword to the recent *New Maritimes* book, *People, Resources and Power*. The word "underdevelopment" is the one that stands out. The paradox of the term is especially revealing in light of conventional wisdom: while most economists think in terms of land "development," technological progress or market stability, Williams refers to a state of mind or social order.

"Underdevelopment," he writes, referring to Maritime culture, "means unemployment, underemployment, and a dependency on capital and decision-making from the outside. It is," he continues, "a social consciousness, which leads people to demand less and less of themselves and of those who exercise power over them and on their behalf." Thus, says Williams, *New Maritimes* has had to attack underdevelopment by

attracting a radical activist audience.

"The writers implicitly addressed themselves to a sympathetic readership because they know the great majority of people who read New Maritimes are themselves engaged in struggles for change...within the region. It is this assumption of a shared engagement that frees New Maritimes from dominant ideology, from the spurious 'objectivity' and fetishistic 'balance' of the mainstream media."

— Rick Williams: *Is There Life After Underdevelopment?* an afterword to *People, Resources and Power*

Gary Burrill has been managing editor since the beginning. A New Brunswick native, Burrill left for Queen's University in 1974 to study Marxist social theory. After beginning his master's

MEDIA

thesis in 1977, he gradually found the campus life too restrictive for his activist needs, so he took time off to help mobilize an unemployment group back in Halifax. (Eventually, he got over his "writing block" and finished his thesis in May, 1978.)

The Halifax Coalition for Full Employment was an outgrowth of the Metro Coalition of Support for the Unemployed (MCSU) — a combination of labour representatives, New Democrats, Communist Party of Canada members and several other social protest movements. When Burrill joined, his wage, as a full-time organizer, was about \$95 a week — the average UIC cheque at that time. By then, the Coalition had fought several battles against the way the

by a lack of 'dialogue,' 'communication,' or simply incorrect policy. They are the result of fundamental structures in which and by which the Canadian economy as a whole has developed. These structures — the uneven nature of regional development in any private enterprise economy — are the main barriers to our reaching national averages by 1990."

— Coalition report to the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, May 24, 1978

Like Burrill, Scott Milsom — who met Burrill when they both worked for the unemployment group — is not a "typical" journalist. The casual 35-year-old has sharp blue eyes and hardened features that stand out from his slight,

Coalition disbanded, Milsom no longer believed that vanguard politics could affect significant change on the local front. He joined Burrill with *New Maritimes* soon after.

"We ran the roads pretty ragged," Milsom says, recalling the early fundraising days of *New Maritimes*. He remembers touring the Maritimes with Burrill, speaking with trade unions, churches and professors, trying to gain subscriptions.

The paper began with minimal support but it now has about 1,000 subscriptions at \$15 per year. The paper's annual budget is far from extravagant, however. At \$33,000 a year with only \$1,000 spent on promotion, *New Maritimes* is hardly running at a profit. Burrill, as the managing editor, is the only paid employee at \$12,000 annually.

Five years and several awards later, the paper still manages with few organizers. Every two weeks Burrill and Milsom meet at co-board member Ian McKay's home for a planning session. McKay's three phone extensions connect them with Lorraine Begley, the fourth member of the board, who lives in Prince Edward Island. The next few hours of discussion determine much of *New Maritimes*' short-term direction.

First they plan the next two issues, presenting general lists of what subjects they'd like to cover. (Over the years *New Maritimes* has printed articles on the potato farming crisis, pesticide registration, user fees and medicare and acid rain. A recent issue includes stories about the fixed link between New Brunswick and the Island, the Domtar pollution crisis on the Miramichi, the decline of social services and the plight of the poor in New Brunswick.) Then they decide who should write the stories. "This is one way the magazine has changed dramatically since the first year," Milsom says. "Fifty per cent of the stuff was written by the editors themselves; now it's down to about 20 per cent."

With many of the contributed articles, the *New Maritimes* staff is faced with substantial editing problems. As Milsom explains, many writers who lack a journalistic or academic background often submit manuscripts nearly book-size in length. "You're bound to ruffle a few feathers on the way," says Milsom, "but before we print anything, we make sure the original writer agrees with every single word. Over the years, it's a very good way to operate, because you maintain people's good will."

Part of *New Maritimes*' radical regionalism demands that issues be covered from the point of view of those people most directly affected. As long-time associate Ken Clare explains, whenever regional conflict arises — be it social welfare, environmental or labour-related issues — the mass media usually cover



For Milsom, left, and Burrill, production night is more a time for humour than anger

government was managing the economy. In 1977, for example, they protested wage controls and government service cut-backs. They were still pressing for the repeal of a number of restrictive changes in UIC legislation.

By 1978, the unemployment rate in Nova Scotia had risen to 10.5 per cent from 7.7 per cent in 1975. This was nearly two percentage points above the national average, which rose from 6.9 per cent to 8.3 per cent. Thus, the Coalition's message was clear: with 12,000 more people unemployed in only three years, the federal government would have to re-evaluate its policy toward the Maritime economy.

"Present economic troubles in the Atlantic provinces have not been caused

5'7" frame. He works as a medical research technician at Dalhousie University. The work he does at *New Maritimes* is on a volunteer basis. "It's very hard to get paid work being a shit disturber, you know."

Journalistic experience was not a prerequisite for his editorial position at *New Maritimes*. After graduating from Queen Elizabeth High School in Halifax, he didn't pursue a university degree but instead began his own research on political economy. Specializing in the social history of colonies, Milsom entered community politics by starting the local chapter of the Southern Africa Information Group in 1975. He joined the Communist Party of Canada in 1976, but quit four years later: after the Halifax

the issue from the institutional point of view. The corporation, the union or management representative, and the politician get the airtime, or copy, in the average news report. In the Michelin story, however, Clare broke that tradition by talking with employees of the tire plant.

Despite *New Maritimes*' connection to the labour movement, the final outcome of Clare's article was critical of the organizing drive. Clare, however, sees no conflict between *New Maritimes*' loyalties and his own moral responsibility as a writer.

"What happened with Michelin," he says, "was that the interests of the workers and the interests of the organizers were not the same. The Michelin plants will never be organized unless the kind of guys I spoke with will have the confidence that the union can protect them."

The article was good enough to win the Atlantic award for best magazine article. "To some extent, when we win awards it's an implied criticism of other forms of the media," says Clare.

But despite the recognition, contributors are aware of the paper's limitations. Considering *New Maritimes*' social justice perspective, it is surprising to some that women's issues are rarely covered. As the only woman on the board, Lorraine Begley agrees that *New Maritimes* could increase its feminist focus. "We should do more," she says.

"The women's struggle is a major part of socialism." Ian McKay also admits to a separation from the larger, socialist discourse. "I would hope someday to repair that rift," he says.

Indeed, some critics are disturbed that causes of other marginalized groups — people of colour, the disabled, gays and lesbians — are not espoused by *New Maritimes* even though support for those groups is assumed.

Others have noted that *New Maritimes* has fallen victim to the left wing's lack of humour. Longtime supporter Silver Don Cameron rejects the notion that the oppositional press needs to present its ideas with a hard-hitting approach. Occasionally, he finds the *New Maritimes* style too angry for an unsympathetic audience. "There's this belief that you have to put on a high seriousness to read the stuff," he says. "Why?"

Ken Clare says that one person's humour can offend another quite easily, and that's a danger *New Maritimes* wants to avoid. "Good humour is the most difficult to write," says Clare, "and a lot of humour doesn't go over well."

But if a sense of humour is not evident in the paper, it's not absent in the volunteer staff. The atmosphere for an evening production meeting is, in fact, light-hearted and informal. The *New Maritimes* office is a single room in the basement — a dusty, brickwalled dungeon of artifacts. Back issues of *New*

Maritimes are piled like insulation against the front wall. Resource material fills every shelf, and pens, layout paper and measuring instruments clutter the entire desk area: there is scarcely enough room for two people to work. On the back wall is the Goodwin's Foundation Award for the "Jobs, Jobs, Jobs" story. And in the far corner, Ken Clare whistles his way through the layout for the next issue.

There's lots of political gossip. There's some bantering about terminology and use of words. The running joke all evening centres on a portfolio of 8" by 10" glossies to accompany a story on farming: Burrill wants to see "nostril shots" of the cows for a "more graphic visual effect."

In most ways, the people who are trying to change the world through radical journalism are just like anyone else: the politics of anger, justified cynicism and innocent humour are all mixed up together in the *New Maritimes*' staff, once again belying a common stereotype.

"We just have one on-going problem here," Burrill says, with a deep sigh and the hint of a twinkle in his eye. "Whether it's better to use gluestick or hot wax for the layout job." His rejection of computers — seen by some as the ultimate obstruction of progress — has passed the point of being the source of an ideological argument and has reached the point of being a *New Maritimes* in-joke. Maybe that's progress. ☒

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DID THE
CLEVER
CANADIANS
CROSS
THE ROAD?**



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GINGER-LIME
GRILLED
CHICKEN



Just how good is chicken? Here's a nutrient profile of an average serving of cooked chicken.

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- ▶ **AN EXCELLENT SOURCE OF PROTEIN**
- ▶ **AN EXCELLENT SOURCE OF NIACIN**
- ▶ **A GOOD SOURCE OF PHOSPHORUS**

Protein	28.98 g	Carbohydrates	0.0
Energy (calories)	151 cal.	Sodium	63 mg
Fat	3.03 g	Potassium	187 mg

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WARM
CHICKEN-WALNUT
SALAD WITH
SNOW PEAS



Simple sauces.



- ▶ Sprinkle chicken pieces with lemon, lime or orange juice, or a fruit vinegar. Add a few seasonings such as garlic, tarragon or thyme for a succulent variation on baked chicken.
- ▶ When barbecuing or baking chicken, be creative. Dijon mustard, a honey-mustard mixture, commercial curry sauce, Cajun spices or Hoisin sauce can all add variety.
- ▶ Consider using pureéd fresh fruit (peaches, plums, cherries) as a basting sauce.
- ▶ Push herb-flavoured butters under the skin of a chicken or chicken pieces, before roasting or baking. Make the herb butter by combining basil, dill, rosemary or tarragon with soft butter.

Chicken in your microwave.



- ▶ Partially cook chicken in your microwave before crisping it on the barbecue or under the grill.
- ▶ Frozen chicken breasts can be thawed in about 5-7 minutes.
- ▶ After microwave cooking, allow 5 minutes standing time for chicken parts and 15 minutes for a whole chicken.
- ▶ Cover chicken dishes with waxed paper to promote more even cooking.
- ▶ To stir fry, cook 1 lb (500 gm) of chicken breast strips on High, 3-4 minutes, stirring twice. Add strips of vegetables and cook for 2-3 minutes longer, stirring once.
- ▶ Chicken pieces cook quickly in a microwave, and are perfect for salads, sandwiches or casseroles, where a browned or crisped texture is not required.

CHICKEN
AND CHÈVRE
ROULADES

SEE RECIPES ON BACK



**LEAN
TOWARDS
CHICKEN
FOR NEW
IDEAS AND
GREAT TASTE.**

**WARM CHICKEN-WALNUT
SALAD WITH SNOW PEAS**

For a flavourful change from traditional salads, serve this as a main meal accompanied by crusty bread.

1	small head radicchio (red lettuce)	1
1/2	bunch watercress, big stems removed	1/2
1/4 cup	peanut or vegetable oil	50 mL
1 tbsp	walnut oil (or additional tablespoon of peanut oil)	15 mL
2 tbsp	white wine vinegar	30 mL
1 tbsp	finely chopped fresh tarragon or 1 tsp (5 mL) crushed dried	15 mL
3/4 cup	coarsely chopped walnuts	175 mL
1 lb	boneless skinless chicken, in 1/2" (1 cm) strips	500 g
	Salt and pepper	
1/2 lb	snow peas	250 g
1/3 cup	chicken broth	75 mL
1/2 lb	mushrooms, sliced	250 g
1	large shallot, minced	1

- 1) Arrange radicchio and watercress on 4 dinner plates.
- 2) Place 2 tablespoons (30 mL) peanut oil in a large skillet. In measuring cup, whisk together remaining oil, walnut oil, vinegar and tarragon; set aside.
- 3) Heat oil in skillet over medium heat; add walnuts and cook, stirring occasionally, until light brown, 3 to 5 minutes. Add chicken strips and cook, stirring often, 3 minutes; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add snow peas and broth; cook, stirring, until chicken is cooked and snow peas are tender but still crisp, about 2 minutes. Stir vinegar mixture into pan along with mushrooms and shallot; toss to coat all vegetables with dressing, but do not cook. Spoon mixture onto greens and drizzle with pan juices.

CALORIES PER SERVING: 438

Preparation time: 15 minutes
Cooking time: about 10 minutes
Serves: 4

**CHICKEN AND
CHÈVRE ROULADES**

Exciting in both looks and taste, this will appeal to the calorie conscious gourmet.

6	boneless skinless chicken breast halves (about 1-1/2 lb/750 g)	6
	Salt and pepper	
1 cup	crumbled fresh chèvre* (about 8 oz/250 g)	250 mL
2 tbsp	each sliced green onions, finely chopped parsley and lemon juice	30 mL
1 tsp	finely chopped fresh basil or 1/2 tsp (2 mL) dried	5 mL
2 tbsp	olive oil	30 mL
1 tbsp	butter	15 mL
1/3 cup	dry white wine	75 mL
1 cup	chicken stock	250 mL
1 tbsp	cornstarch	15 mL
1 tbsp	whipping cream	15 mL

- 1) Place each chicken breast half between 2 sheets of waxed paper; pound with a mallet to thickness of 1/8" (3 mm); season with salt and pepper.
- 2) In a bowl, stir together chèvre, green onions, parsley, lemon juice and basil. Spread mixture evenly on each chicken piece, leaving a small border at sides. Roll up from narrow side jelly-roll style; secure with skewers or toothpicks, or string (Chicken can be prepared ahead to this point, covered and refrigerated up to 4 hours).
- 3) In large, oven-proof skillet, heat oil and butter over medium heat, add chicken rolls and cook, turning until lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Transfer pan to preheated 350°F (180°C) oven and bake, uncovered, 10 minutes or until chicken is cooked through. Remove chicken to warm platter; cover to keep warm.
- 4) For sauce, spoon excess fat from pan drippings. Pour in wine, then stock; bring to boil, scraping up any bits from bottom of pan. Stir cornstarch together with 2 tablespoons (30 mL) cold water; pour into pan, stirring constantly. Cook over medium heat until smooth and thickened; stir in cream.
- 5) Remove skewers or string from chicken; slice into 1/3" (8 mm) wide pieces. Serve with sauce on the side.

*Chèvre (goat's cheese) may be substituted with 3/4 cup (175 mL) ricotta cheese and 1/4 cup (50 mL) fresh grated Parmesan.

CALORIES PER ROLL: 310

Preparation time: 20 minutes
Cooking time: 15 minutes
Serves: 4-6

**GINGER-LIME
GRILLED CHICKEN**

A generous amount of ginger lends a touch of piquancy to the freshness of lime and coriander in this succulent grilled chicken.

4	chicken legs with thighs or other pieces (about 3 lb/1.5 kg)	4
1	2" (5 cm) piece fresh gingerroot (4 oz/125 g)	1
2	cloves garlic	2
1 tbsp	grated lime rind	15 mL
1/2 tsp	black pepper	2 mL
1/3 cup	each fresh coriander leaves* (packed) and fresh lime juice	75 mL
4 tsp	vegetable oil	20 mL
	Fresh coriander sprigs and lime wedges for garnish	

- 1) Using a knife, score chicken skin diagonally every 1/4" (5 mm). Arrange skin side up, in single layer in glass baking dish.
- 2) Peel and roughly cut gingerroot. Drop ginger and garlic through feed tube of food processor, with machine running, or use blender to mince. Add rind, pepper and coriander, chop finely; add lime juice. With machine running, pour oil (through feed tube) in slow, thin stream. Rub mixture all over chicken; marinate covered, at least 3 hours. Bring chicken to room temperature 30 minutes before grilling.
- 3) Place chicken on preheated lightly greased broiler pan 4" (10 cm) from element. Broil 10 to 15 minutes per side or until juices run clear. Turn chicken skin side up during last 3 minutes; brush with marinade.

Or
barbecue 4 to 6" (10 to 15 cm) from medium-hot coals or at medium-high setting 15 to 20 minutes per side or until juices run clear.

*Available in oriental and international food stores.

CALORIES PER SERVING: 412

Preparation time: 10 minutes
Marinating time: 3 hours
Cooking time: about 30 minutes
Serves: 4

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Struggling to improve the education system

Native leaders in New Brunswick refuse to give up the battle to improve the quality of education and life for their people

by Carol McLeod

Fighting for the rights of New Brunswick's native people is nothing new for Graydon Nicholas, president of the Union of New Brunswick Indians. Yet the battle he and other native leaders are engaged in right now could be one of the most crucial they have waged to date. The outcome will determine not only the quality of education New Brunswick Indians will receive in future years but also the way of life the province's 8,000 Mic Mac and Maliseet will follow for generations to come.

The call to arms was sounded in 1987 when the federal Department of Indian and Northern Affairs imposed a funding formula for the current fiscal year that has led to cutbacks for many reserve schools. As a result, Indian educators cannot keep pace with the increased cost of providing an adequate education to native children and are struggling to maintain the limited

programs now offered — programs that Nicholas says do not provide Indian pupils with the same quality of education that non-Indians receive.

On the Big Cove Reserve in eastern New Brunswick, the education budget has dropped to \$1.05 million this year from \$1.3 million last year — despite the fact that enrollment has increased by 20 to 298.

Because of the cut and the low priority the federal government appears to place

on native education, students on the reserve are receiving just the basics, says Levi Sock, education director at Big Cove. There are no guidance counsellors or psychologists on staff, and extras like art and music education are unavailable.

The number of teachers at Big Cove has dropped to 16 from 23 since 1985

Graydon Nicholas believes the betterment of his people is dependent on the quality of the education they receive. Cutbacks not only mean fewer special courses such as music and art but also mean scrimping on such basic subjects as reading and math

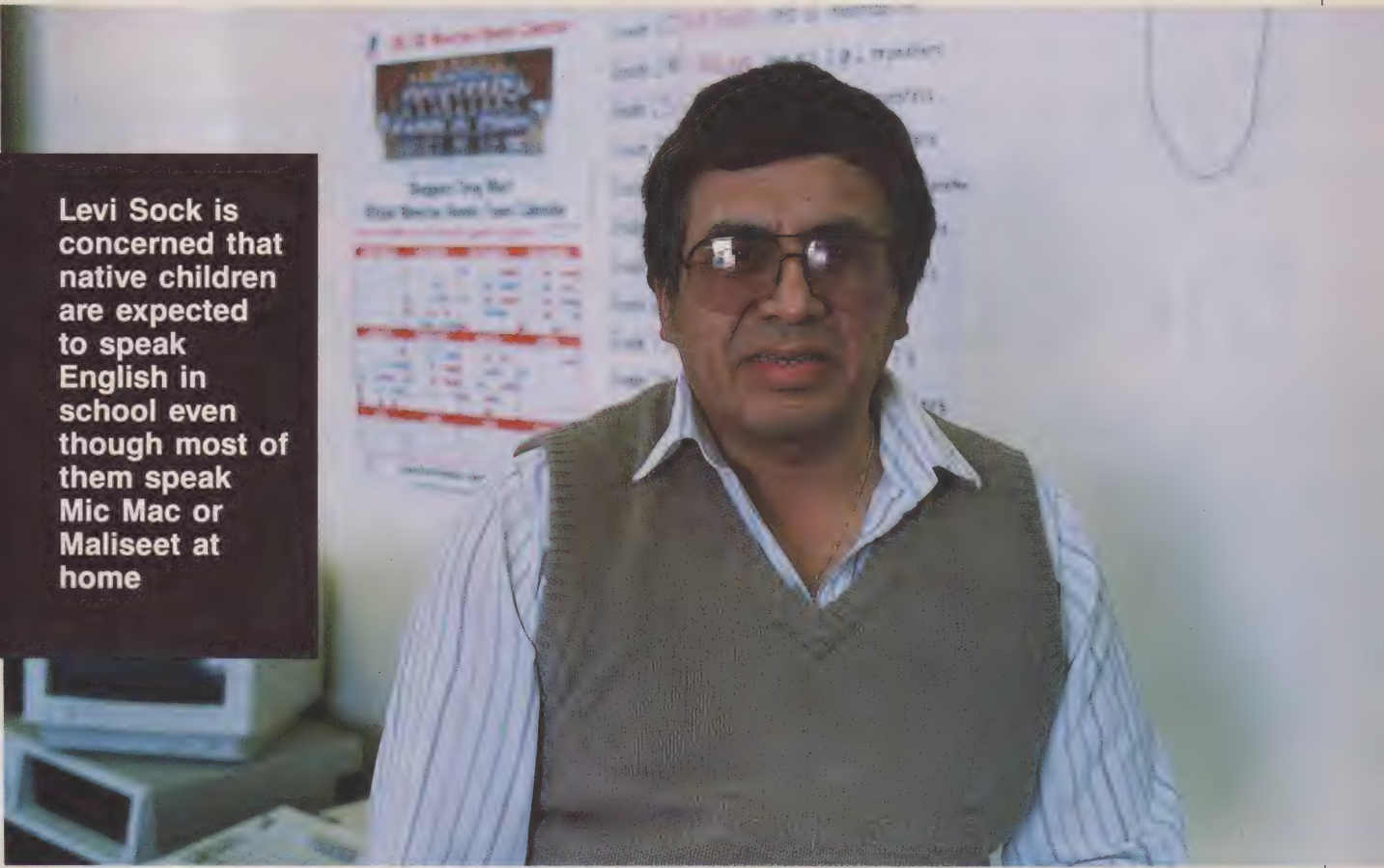


GEORGE GAMMON

COVER STORY

WAYNE CHASE

Levi Sock is concerned that native children are expected to speak English in school even though most of them speak Mic Mac or Maliseet at home



GEOFFREY GAMMON



while the pupil-teacher ratio has risen to 19:1 from 12:1. Salaries for reserve teachers are \$2,000 lower than those of teachers in the provincially-run public school system and some instructors at Big Cove have accepted pay cuts to ensure that the school does not run over budget. The situation is similar on most other reserves, adds Sock.

At the present time, education of registered Indian and Inuit children is an obligation of the federal Department of Indian Affairs. The minister of the department is authorized to maintain schools for native children or to provide access to education services in private or provincially-funded public schools.

In New Brunswick, where most of the 15 reserves have schools, classes generally run up to grade five or eight, depending upon the reserve. After graduating from reserve schools, native children enter the provincial school system.

"The province is supposed to guarantee that the quality of education our people receive in the public school system is the same as non-Indians receive," says Nicholas, a lawyer and a lecturer in native studies at St. Thomas University in Fredericton. "Unfortunately, the quality we think should be there, isn't."

At both the reserve and public school level, the problem manifests itself most clearly in the number of native children with poor reading skills. On the Big Cove Reserve, as in many others in the province, most children speak either Mic Mac or Maliseet at home and in the community. When they begin school, however, they are expected to speak and study in English.

"Most kids come to us without fluency in English — just some understand-

ing," says Sock.

"They usually do okay until grade three and from there start falling behind in the language development field."

Without adequate reading skills, they flounder in most other areas.

"The way things are," he says, "we don't have the money to meet this special academic need. The attitude of the federal government seems to be: put them in the existing program and if they can go

who taught on a reserve for several years in the early 1980s, says he was expected to teach British history to Indians who couldn't even read all the place names on the map of Canada. "They try to hang on to their culture and identity, but it's pretty difficult when they're being taught about the War of Roses," he says.

At Big Cove, the recent funding cuts scuttled plans to develop a course — to have been taught in Mic Mac — on the history of both the reserve and of the Mic Mac people in Atlantic Canada.

Frustration and anger are in Nicholas' voice when he discusses the implications of the cutbacks in native education. "If fewer of our people go through junior and senior high, it's going to take its toll at the university and community college level." He says that if

a student can't do well in science in junior high because he can't read the textbook properly, he isn't going to do any better in senior high. "If the potential is there, it won't be developed and it's extremely discouraging."

A study conducted several years ago in New Brunswick showed that the high school dropout rate among natives was 40 per cent. According to Sock, the rate at Big Cove remains about the same. By March of this year, 38 of the 115 Indians attending high school in nearby Rexton had withdrawn from class.

McLeod says the dismal academic record of native children is "a self-perpetuating thing. The parents drop out of school and in turn don't give their kids the guidance and encouragement they need. It'll just keep going on from one generation to the next unless the system changes."

A change for the better isn't something Sock thinks is likely to come about. In fact, a meeting he had with officials of the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs in March has left him feeling that the federal government has reduced funding in the hope native leaders will be forced to close reserve schools and to send pupils to provincially-funded public schools.

Such a move would be disastrous, says Nicholas. He believes that keeping native children in reserve schools as long as possible not only improves their chances of succeeding by keeping them in a cultural setting they know and understand, it also encourages their parents to interact with teachers. "As well, you have teachers who are more responsive to native needs because they are actually on the reserves."

Eventually, though, pupils must leave

the reserves and enter public school. Making the transition is difficult — especially in terms of cultural adjustment and of attitudes shown by non-Indians.

Because of the difficulties, many parents would like to see reserve schools expanded to include junior and senior high. The idea, explains Sock, is that if students stay on the reserves they'll have fewer distractions, perform better academically and be more likely to graduate.

At the opposite extreme are those who believe the best thing is to integrate natives and non-natives from grade one. Nicholas, however, isn't convinced that such an alternative is in the best interests of Indians. He says no study has ever shown that natives who enter the public school system early do better academical-

ly than those who attend reserve schools. "The way I see it, the ones with a proper background in their culture and language sometimes have fewer problems."

Any hope of proving his theory disappeared last year when the position of native education co-ordinator was lost through funding cutbacks. Acting as liaison with the province, school boards and parents, the co-ordinator was trying to get an overview of native education in New Brunswick.

Nicholas believes the federal government eliminated the position to prevent reserves from acting together to demand change. "When we had the position, we made the federal and provincial governments more accountable for what was happening and they didn't like it."

Despite the problems that exist with native education in New Brunswick, some advances have been made. Lobby efforts by Indian leaders have resulted in several public schools hiring Indian student counsellors and teachers' aides who facilitate the transition from reserve to public school and who help teachers understand the cultural and academic needs of natives. As well, provincial curriculum committees are examining the possibility of including material relevant to native students in future textbooks.

What encourages Nicholas most, however, is the fact that in several areas of the province, native leaders have convinced school boards in the public schools system to replace second language training in French with Mic Mac or Maliseet.

Feedback from instructors involved in the project has been positive. Nicholas says one teacher told him recently that there is a dramatic improvement in native children when they study their own language. "Their school attendance and

By March of this academic year, 38 of the 115 native students at one New Brunswick high school had dropped out of classes.

Keeping children in reserve schools improves their chances of succeeding because they are in a cultural setting they know and understand

with it, fine. If they can't, they'll drop out."

Another problem for native students is the fact that the standard provincial curriculum is taught in both reserve and public schools with little if any modification for their cultural background and interests. Brian McLeod, a non-native

COVER STORY

attitude are better, they're more creative and overall do well."

The introduction of such courses is a step forward from the early years of this century when Indian children were slapped for speaking their native language in school, but Nicholas wants to see further strides. He wants the federal and provincial governments to make courses in Mic Mac and Maliseet available to all native students.

He realizes, though, that such a change is not going to come about soon. For one thing, the federal government is reducing social spending and is taking a hard look at the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs.

"The department tells us we have to decide between better housing and social services on one hand and improved education on the other," Nicholas says. "It's like saying: 'look, we're going to cut off one of your hands. Which one will it be?'"

Even if the standard of native education is improved, the effects won't filter through to the community as a whole unless Indian graduates can get jobs. Many natives prefer to live in their own cultural milieu on reserves, where work is hard to find. Those who do venture out often discover that because of racial prejudice opportunities in both the public and private sector are scarce.

"When our people began working for the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs a few years ago, they were the first to go when cutbacks were announced," bristles Nicholas. "You can't make a career that way. These people aren't going to recommend that others work for the government."

Situations like that are not only frustrating and discouraging for those who do not complete their education, says McLeod, "they make others still in school think what's the point in trying." He believes that what is needed is an education program geared to the needs of those natives who would otherwise drop out. Working hand in hand with that should be "worthwhile job creation programs on the reserves to develop the work ethic and to restore some of the pride and dignity we sapped from these people."

For too long, he says, the government has been content to see "four or five or, hopefully, seven or eight out of each group of 15 to 20 graduate from high school. There should be more concern for the large percentage who don't make it and who sit on the reserves for the rest of their lives whiling away their time."

Officials of the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs have denied claims that they don't care about native education and that they underfund reserve schools. One spokesperson for the depart-

ment has said that in many instances band council schools receive more money per student than public schools do.

"By and large, that's probably true," says Sock. He points out, however, that native schools are small and that it costs more per capita to run a small school than it does to run a large one.

In Sock's opinion, the only thing that is going to improve the quality of native education is a commitment from the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs. Despite the department's protestations to the contrary, he says department officials don't care enough to find out what native children really need to become contributing members of society.

"They see the high dropout rate as a native problem, not as a problem with the system. They don't really address the matter — they just try to look good in the eyes of the non-native public by saying they're providing an education for natives but that natives aren't taking advantage of it."

Fighting to improve the quality of education received by New Brunswick's Indians is an uphill battle. But native leaders refuse to give up. "The betterment of our people depends upon their education," says Nicholas. "The more who get a decent education, the more role models there will be for others to emulate and the better future generations will be." ☒

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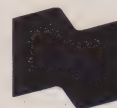
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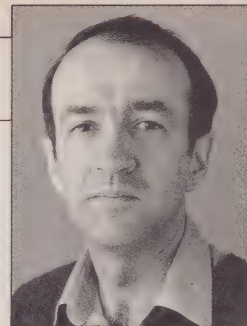
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Sun, sweat and social equity

So I arrived at Cienfuegos, Cuba, with a bunch of other Maritimers, sweating like a pig and sucking air in a desperate attempt to breathe, wondering, like everybody else: a) if this is winter, what can summer possibly be like? and b) how does socialism work in Cuba?

Climate first — mainly because I must attempt to explain what I was doing there after writing a glorious paean to winter for this space in the February issue. It just happens that as I was writing it *mi esposa* and two *muchachas*, who don't share the paterfamilial affection for bracing climes, were becoming enamoured of the cheap rates to the Latin sun on Cubana Airlines. Thus I was ripped from my womb of snow and ice and packed off to the tropics.

So we swam in the gentle Caribbean, turning to lumps of charcoal immediately within sight of bemused Cubans who marvel at these pale-skinned creatures who swim in what they consider frigid winter waters (about like freshwater lakes in the Maritimes at the height of summer).

I asked a Cuban lady what unendurable horrors summer holds, but somehow the discussion got sidetracked to the relative virtues of waist-deep snow. "But how do cars move around? Does everything stop?" she asked, awestruck and incredulous. She recoiled against my attempt to explain the salutary principle of snowplows with a curl of the lip and an alarmed wave of the hand. "No, no. I think I prefer Cuba."

And the Cuba that this lady prefers, what is it like? Is the place bristling with machine gun-toting Commies and barbed-wire fences? Are the people groaning under the nailed boot, dreaming of escape into the arms of Ronald Reagan? Is the system clunking along, producing ridiculously shoddy goods? Canadians, influenced as we are by American opinion and the east bloc model, tend to ask such questions.

The answer is that economically this is far from the industrial world, but on the Latin American standard Cuba seems to be doing well indeed. No doubt there are strains somewhere — and in what country are there not? — but outwardly there's an easygoing sense of social peace and common purpose. Everybody is cleanly, if simply, clothed (blue jeans are ubiquitous, some of them acid-washed in the latest fashion) and seems to be adequately fed. There is a refreshing social equality, as well as a publicly-

promoted equality among the sexes and the races. There is also a sense that things are getting better materially, albeit slowly.

Compare this with the starving millions of most of Latin America kept down in the name of wealth and privilege by brutal dictators and their death squads and, whatever your reservations about communism, you're forced to admit that the Cuban Revolution has improved matters considerably.

No there are no machine guns or barbed wire. We were told merely not to take photographs of anything connected to the military, which is fairly prominent. Otherwise tourists can range freely and are even encouraged to rent automobiles for the purpose.

Cars are otherwise not plentiful and about one out of six is an old American clunker from pre-revolutionary days, kept rolling by heroic mechanical effort. There are, however, lots of trucks, buses and tractors, new and old, mostly Japanese and Russian on the roads, as well as lots of railways, giving the impression of booming economic activity. The factories

Acid-washed jeans and Che Guevara posters

too are active, even if many are also functioning, whole or in part, with ancient machinery. Russian subsidies help, of course — the Russians buy sugar at inflated prices and sell oil and machinery back cheaply.

Everybody who wants one pretty well has a job in Cuba. This means, as is obvious especially with regard to menial work, that there are four people doing the work of three.

Nevertheless work appears to be done conscientiously, somewhat in the spirit of the whole gang pulling together, like an old-fashioned Maritime barn-raising. From the capitalist point of view, there might be occasion to sneer at this. But the fourth and theoretically unnecessary person is the one we would have on unemployment insurance or welfare.

The Cubans are manufacturing more things (I saw some Cuban-made audio equipment and they say they've developed components of sugar-making machinery), and are recycling anything that's usable. They make paper, animal feed and fuel from sugar cane fibre, for example. Tourism is expanding. More hotels are being built and people are being trained for the industry, which began with Canadian visitors 10 years ago. Canadians are still the most numerous and the Canadian dollar is accepted at places frequented by tourists (so is the American dollar — just one of a number of ambiguities in the Cuban attitude towards the U.S.).

Cuba's trade with the world is increasing, except with the U.S. which does not allow it. Contacts are increasing with what appear from this vantage point to be the reasonable capitalist nations such as Canada, Japan, the European countries, Mexico, Brazil and Argentina. To the U.S. is relegated the role of galvanizing the Cuban people into a motivated nation ready for its defence (the slogans, billboards and the like exhort to work, education and defence — the "Imperialists" are denounced but I never saw the U.S. mentioned by name).

The people are friendly, to tourists and to one another. The music is upbeat. For those looking for the sinister hand of communism in the east bloc model, it's nowhere to be seen. Just as the hostile U.S. is close enough to be a uniting force, the country's dour benefactors, the Soviets, are refreshingly far away.

So there is progress. Against this progress, the quotations from Fidel on the billboards, the poster sainthood of Che Guevara, the injunctions to revolutionary fervour, seem old-fashioned and dated. Cubans are getting brand name goods from tourists. Some of them express a longing to travel — to mysterious places like "Nueva Escocia" (Nova Scotia) and "Terra Nueva" (Newfoundland), as exotic to them as they are to us.

The Cuban economy must marshal all its resources and is far from being able to afford that yet. That day will likely come when it can pare down its military — which in turn will depend on a cessation of U.S. hostility and on whether Cuba can itself at that point let go of its own military mythologies. For if there's an evil that grips Cuba, it's the one that grips most of the world irrespective of ideology, Canada included — the wastage of resources on a grand scale for military purposes. ☒



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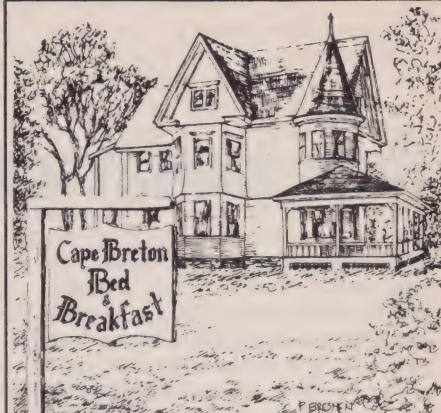
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SUMMER

Outdoors



This trio relied on their voices to entertain their audiences



It may seem a hard way to earn a living but the crowds loved it

Hang on to your hats — Buskers '88 is on the way

The festival's sword swallowers, jugglers, magicians and mimes are expected to draw more than 600,000 spectators to Halifax

by Tom Regan

David Peachey, the director of Buskers '88, likes to illustrate the far-reaching popularity of last summer's international street performers festival in Halifax by telling a story about a recent trip to England.

"I went to Covent Gardens in London

where many of the buskers work," says British-born Peachey. "I saw one guy I really liked and I asked him for a cup of tea. So we went into a little teashop and talked. When we were finished, I looked up and there was a line-up of buskers standing there. Apparently word had gotten around that 'the man from

Halifax is here' and they all wanted to talk. It was amazing."

Amazing is the best word to describe almost anything associated with last year's Buskers' Festival. A week before the festival opened in August, organizers met to discuss how much money they could lose, especially if it rained. No one was prepared for what happened.

During 10 of the nicest days of the summer, almost 400,000 people poured into the city's core to see the 39 acts that had gathered from around the country and the world. People had to leave their cars home because downtown streets were clogged with spectators, eager to see sword swallowers, vaudeville acts, one-man bands, magicians, musicians and clowns.

SUMMER OUTDOORS



Audience participation was critical to some acts and people of all ages enjoyed the fun

The street performers were on almost every corner in downtown Halifax. They ate fire, rode unicycles, juggled, played tunes on wine glasses and otherwise entertained an insatiable crowd with as many as four performances a night. While some busker fans planted themselves on a corner or side street to wait for an act they wanted to see, others drifted around the outer edges from one show to another, so that the crowd had a constant, high-spirited energy and motion. The Buskers' Festival created a party atmosphere that Halifax hadn't seen since the Tall Ships visited in 1984.

Media from around the world came to Halifax to cover the festival. Based on attendance alone, it ranked with the Calgary Stampede and the Montreal Jazz Festival. But for sheer demographic appeal, the Buskers' Festival may have

been the most popular event in Canada.

And that was only the beginning, says Peachey. The festival will return this summer with more performers, an expanded schedule and increased sponsorship. Buskers '88 is expected to draw 600,000 to 750,000 spectators. While not everyone is convinced of the merits of the changes, Peachey says he is sure Haligonians will approve.

"There are no major changes," he says. "We looked at last year's festival and what made it so successful. We kept those things that didn't need to be changed but, as with all things that grow, we tried to improve."

One of the first things that Peachey and festival creator Dale Thompson wanted to improve was the international representation. Last year, artists from eight countries travelled to Halifax.

Peachey hopes 15 countries, including Australia and several from the east bloc, will be represented this summer.

"We want to bring the best that the world has to offer," he says. "Last year we had a mixture of a third local, a third national and a third international. That mixture will have to change this year because we want to increase the international participation, but we still plan to feature local performers. This year we can see 150 performers in about 50 groups coming to Halifax."

"There will be lots of familiar faces back from last year. Variety in Motion, last year's People's Choice winner, will return and I've heard from people like Ray Jasen, Charlie Dajugla (both jugglers) and Temujin the storyteller. But we want to feature new acts every year as well. It's going to be a hard choice, because every busker worth his or her salt knows that Halifax is the place to be."

Peachey also wants to increase the number of female performers. He says the Buskers' Festival will probably never become an "equal opportunity thing" but he says women buskers were not adequately represented at last year's event and he wants to change that.

Festival organizers plan to alter the awards structure. Almost from the start of last year's festival, buskers expressed concern about the awards; most of them didn't like the idea of competing against each other, especially when their talents were so different.

"How can you compare a juggler with a sword swallower with a singer?" says Peachey. "You can't. So we had a look at the awards structure; we're going to keep the People's Choice Award because that is, frankly, a marketing coup. But we've expanded it a great deal. We've even got a 16-inch bronze statue for the overall winner. This year people will also be able to vote in certain categories for their favourite performers, as well as awards for most clutching (riveting) performance, most photogenic, similar to last year."

Other new developments include expanding the schedule from 10 days to 16 — it will run from August 11 to 27 — and moving some of the buskers to the Dartmouth waterfront. The expanded schedule will allow the buskers to take a day off to watch some of the other acts, as the festival gives them a chance to meet fellow performers and to exchange ideas and tricks. Peachey hopes the expanded area will alleviate some of the crowding that took place last year.

"We don't think people will get buskered out. And moving to Dartmouth is a natural. It just adds to the ambience of the festival."

But the biggest and perhaps most controversial change is the increased sponsorship of the festival. Last year, organizers were struggling to line up

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SUMMER OUTDOORS



There was lots of talent to go with the outrageous costumes sported by these buskers sponsors until the day the festival opened. While some large companies such as Ford of Canada and Canadian Airlines International contributed large sums, most potential sponsors, including the three levels of government, were reluctant to give more than a nominal sum. But that's no longer a problem, according to Peachey.

"The success of last year made it much easier, of course. But the approach to sponsorship has been so drastically changed. We now have a full-time office to run, rent and salaries to pay. So based on last year's figures, we sat down and figured out how much it was going to cost.

"We've put together sponsorship packages based on those estimates. We have packages for local restaurants and bars, a slightly higher package for bigger outlets, then official sponsor packages for regional and national business. Government will also be contributing more this year, just under 50 per cent of the more than \$300,000 it costs to run the festival."


The dramatic change in sponsorship may be the reason why last year's organizers Steve Herder and Peter Harrison decided not to return this year. Although the split was friendly, both men disagreed with the new directions.

"It took a lot of time and emotion," says Harrison, who has returned to his job as a news reporter for a local radio

station. "Actually, I had decided long before it was over not to get involved again next year. Steve and I did perceive the festival was headed in a different direction than we had envisioned in 1987. Ten days was a long time. We had thought about cutting it down, but this year it's going to be longer.

"We had also hoped the festival would become a non-profit organization, which we felt would be best for the buskers and everyone involved. But that's not the plan. Then again, I don't have any say any more. But I can tell you it was very difficult letting go, and it only came after a lot of consideration."

Other problems have also arisen. Several Halifax aldermen have protested the awarding of city funds unless the festival is expanded to areas other than the city core and have also questioned the length of the festival. But even with these concerns, most Haligonians are eagerly looking forward to this summer's festival.

"I don't want to go home at night, it's so much fun," says Peachey. "It's a great deal of hard work too and your days are never long enough, but it's the most interesting work I've ever done. And this year the festival is going to be much bigger, more performers, more people coming to see it, more prize money. The people of Halifax are in for a real treat. If they think last year was great, they had better hang on to their hats." 

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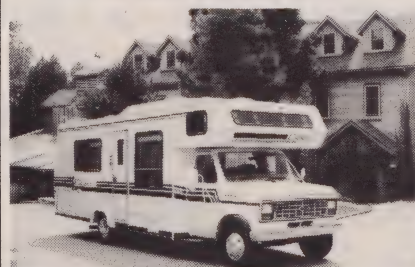
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Last summer, 25,000 tourists and sunbathers viewed the sand sculptors' works of art before they were washed away on the evening tide

Sand sculptures — one of summer's fleeting fantasies

Dinosaurs, pyramids, castles, banana splits and sinking boats transform New Brunswick's Parlee Beach for a day each summer

by Carol McLeod

Castles of sand crumble almost as quickly as castles made of air, but building them transports children and adults alike into a world of fantasy and imagination. This year, 500 people are expected to make the magical journey when they participate in the annual sand sculpting contest at Parlee Beach, a provincial park near Shediac, N.B. Another 25,000 are expected to view the results.

"Based on previous competitions, we should have 200 to 300 sculptures with some elaborate and truly amazing results," says Emery Landry, a tourism officer with the New Brunswick department of tourism, recreation and heritage.

In past years, entries have run the gamut from an octopus to Cinderella's carriage and from a sinking boat to a sunbathing couple. One of the best designs, says Landry, was a giant banana split created a few years ago by a group from Saint John. "The three scoops of ice cream were made of sand and for

whipped cream, they used shaving foam. Then they added balloons for cherries, seaweed for chocolate sauce and used yellow spray paint on the banana, which was made of sand."

Another year, someone sculpted an arm with a digital watch on it. "The detail was so fine, you could even see the hairs on the man's fingers and wrist."

Among the many designs that crop up annually are pyramids, sphinxes, dinosaurs and sharks. Sand castles are also popular, says Landry. "Some are very good with drawbridges, turrets, moats and staircases. And we've had astonishingly accurate replicas of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace."

According to Gary Arsenault, organizer of last year's contest, the secret to creating a prize-winning sculpture is to draw it on paper first. "If you can work up a three-dimensional design, that's even better." It's also important to get an early start. "Sometimes people run into difficulty or don't finish or they finish but find

it didn't turn out as they wanted," he says. "If you start early, you've got time to go back and make changes."

Arsenault also advises competitors to bring shovels and buckets and to pick a site near a depression in the sand. "Some people working on their first sculpture come without any tools and find it impossible to get decent results. Others head for a sand bar and start building in the middle, where it's elevated, only to find when they're half finished that the sand is drying off. In a depression, the sand stays moister and it's easier to work with it."

The first sand sculpting contest in Shediac was held in 1979 as part of Parlee Beach Day celebrations. At the time, tourism department officials were looking for a beach event in which entire families could participate. "Parents tend to go one way on the beach and children another," says Landry. "We wanted something that would keep families together for a day, something they'd have fun doing."

The contest was an immediate hit, and the number of competitors and spectators has grown each year. Although there are five categories — families, children (aged nine and under), juniors (10 to 13), seniors (14 and up) and commercial — more than 50 per cent of all participants enter the family category.

"We always try to have helium balloons and streamers to make the beach look festive," says Landry, "and the atmosphere is always super."

For the competition, an area of shore a quarter of a mile long and stretching 350

yards between the high tide and low tide marks is cordoned off. No one is allowed to sculpt above the high tide mark — all entries must be placed where they will go out with the tide. There are no restrictions on numbers of people working on a sculpture or on what they use, as long as all building materials will wash out on the tide. While most participants use natural decorations such as shells, seaweed, feathers and driftwood, he says a few embellish their creations with everything from spray paint to pop cans.

The Parlee Beach contest starts at 9 a.m. and judging begins at 3 p.m. Prizes are awarded to the first, second and third place finishers in each of the five categories and judges base their decisions



The final touches could mean a prize

on the originality, workmanship, design and proportion of the sculptures.

By 9 p.m., the tide has washed away many of the smaller designs. "But you can walk by at 2 a.m. and still see the tips of the pyramids, some of which are six feet high, in the water," says Arsenault. "The next morning, when the tide is out, you may see some depressions or mounds of sand but in a day or two even that is gone."

In past years, people from across Canada, Europe and the United States have attended the event. Although the weather has not always co-operated, the competition has run according to schedule every year. Rain may even work to the sculptor's advantage by keeping the sand moist, while clouds often mean more sculptures because people are less inclined to swim.

This year's Parlee Beach contest will take place on Aug. 6. Sand sculpting contests will also be held at Prince Edward Island's National Park on July 11, at New River Beach near Saint John, N.B. on July 23 and at Clam Harbour Beach near Dartmouth, N.S. on August 14. ☐

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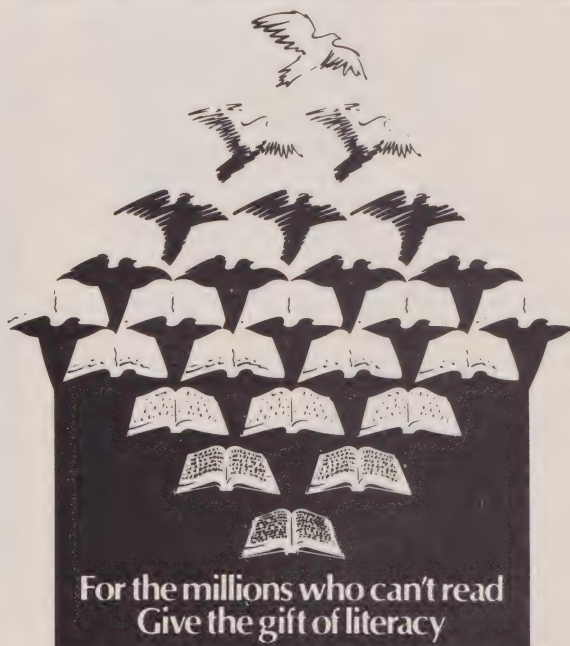
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WAYNE BARRETT (PEL. TOURISM)

Clam digging offers seaside sport and delectable reward

Prince Edward Island's miles of sandy beaches are perfectly suited to a day of clam digging and an outdoors summer feast

by Catherine Edward

The big Texan turned to the grey-haired gentleman beside him on the deck of the Prince Edward Island ferry, enroute from Nova Scotia, with green fields and brilliant red cliffs in front and a clear July-blue sky all around. "How do you get clams?" he asked.

"Ah yes, I'm terrible fond of clams," the Islander began. "But they're fidgety little devils — nervous. If you walk along the shore at low tide you'll see little holes in the sand, squirting. That'd be clams. Well, like I say — they're right nervous. Just walking on the holes upsets them. So, here's what you do. Find a spot with lots of holes. Put a shovel on one side of your spot and your bucket, on its side, at the other side. Then jump on the holes. The clams will get out of there fast. Since they can't get by your shovel, they'll head off in the other direction — right into the bucket. And, there you've got it, supper."

The Texan shook his head in wonder. He tipped his hat and disappeared down the stairs. The Islander — with his eyes twinkling — said to his fellow Islander shipmate, "More for the rest of us, eh, dear?"

In a world where most food comes off the shelf, prepared and packaged, it's good to know there are still a few things we must harvest ourselves. Part of the satisfaction of clams comes from having found them yourself. Prince Edward

Island offers endless miles of sandy coastline perfect for clam digging. Wherever there is public access to a beach, there is the potential for an enjoyable day and a clambake. (Clamming areas on the Island are checked for bacterial contamination on a regular basis. Problem locations are posted with signs. If you have any doubts about a particular area, call the provincial environment department or the federal department of fisheries and oceans.)

Contrary to the Islander's story, clam digging takes energy. Once you have figured out where the clams are, you have to work to get them. Digging can be a

team effort or a personal quest — the work will result in a delicious meal either way.

Of all the edible seaside creatures, clams are the most plentiful. Even when a beach appears completely deserted, the clams are there. Jets of water, squirting from the sand, mark their location. Soft-shelled clams squirt from their muscular double siphon when disturbed. These clams are easy to dig, since they remain stationary. The telltale holes in the sand

indicate spots where clams have pulled in their siphons.

The best time to dig clams is at low tide when it's possible to reach the richest clam beds. A potato fork is a good digging implement as the tines of the fork are less likely to crush and break the clams than the edge of a shovel. Lift the sand gently and pick out the clams. Be careful — the edges of their shells are sharp.

Quahogs (hard-shelled) clams require a different technique. These clams are dug or forked out of muddy sand and sorted from the mud.

For those who want a real challenge, try a razor clam dig. The razor clam looks like an old-fashioned straight razor, has a beautiful brown shell and is quite fragile. These clams have a short siphon and a big foot. They move swiftly, dig deeply and are tricky to catch. But the triumph of capturing even a tidbit is worth the fun.

Rinsing your catch is important. Soft-shelled clams are generally gritty with sand and need a good rinsing. If you intend to take the clams home for chowder, rinse them with fresh water and let them rest in a bucket of clean water all day or overnight.

The first step to a successful clambake is to collect driftwood from the beach and make a good fire. Then place a big empty pot on the fire — rinsed clams contain all the liquid they need for steaming. It's important to keep a close watch on the pot. As humble as they are, clams are a delicacy not to be overcooked. As soon as their shells pop open, they are ready to eat. Do not cook any clam that has a shell which doesn't close tightly before cooking.

While the clams are steaming, melt some butter, garlic butter or herb butter in a small pot over the fire. ("Gilding the lily" is accepted under these circumstances.) Dip the clams in the butter after rinsing them in hot broth. Add crusty rolls, a big green salad and some melon and you have a feast fit for Neptune himself.

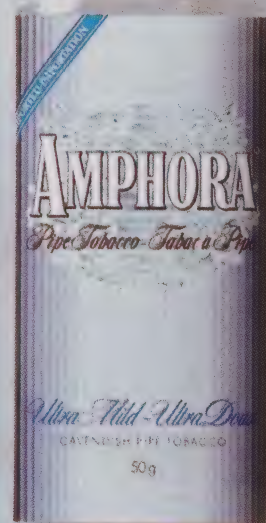
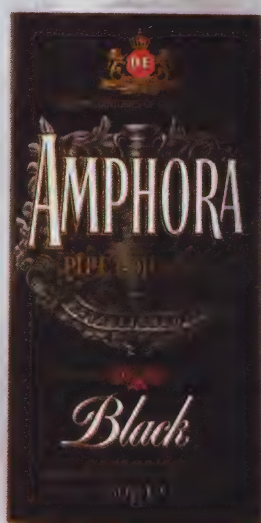
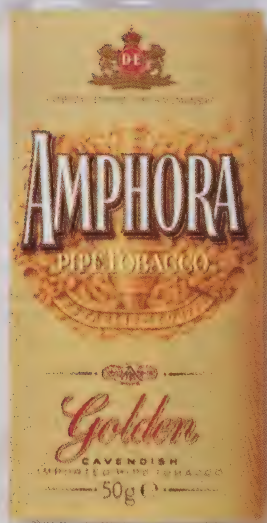
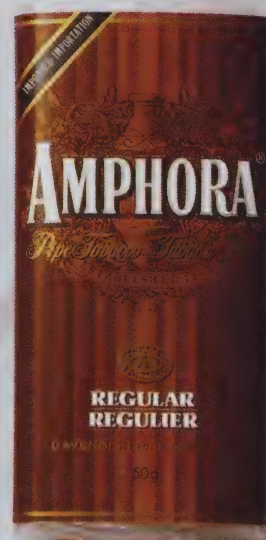
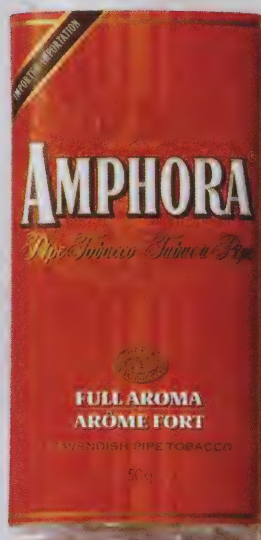
The key to a successful clambake is to keep it simple. Remember, this is an intermission from the pressures of daily living. And simple food becomes sublime when shared with friends on an Island beach.

Somewhere, perhaps there is a Texan on a sandy beach, jumping on clam holes in hopes of his reward and giving credence to that old Maritime expression, "safe as a clam."



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PHOTOS BY KEITH NICOL

Hiking through the splendour of Gros Morne

Newfoundland's national park is a naturalist's dream come true with spectacular scenery and challenging hiking trails

by Keith Nicol

It's like the wild west on the East Coast. Gros Morne National Park, located on Newfoundland's West Coast, has some of the most rugged and scenic terrain this side of Banff, Alberta. Gros Morne Park is full of surprises ranging from unusual brownish and barren mountains (the Tablelands) to long, sandy beaches and fjords which rival Norway's. Wildlife abounds, including moose, caribou and Arctic hare.

Gros Morne is Atlantic Canada's newest national park and, within its 1,805 square kilometres, are four distinct natural areas. Hiking is the best way to experience Gros Morne and trails have been built to provide visitors with access to these regions.

The easiest area to explore is the coast-line. Highway 430 runs past several small communities with side roads leading to tidal pools, sandy beaches and sea stacks.

Depending on the season, a visitor may see fishermen hauling lobster pots, jigging for cod or netting salmon. The best hiking trail along the coastline is the Green Garden Trail — a 20 km route which crosses a raised grassy terrace overlooking the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The desert-like moonscape of the Tablelands in the southern part of the park

looks more like Arizona than Newfoundland. A park interpreter says "the peridotite bedrock contains lots of iron calcium which plants need. The reddish-brown peridotite in the Tablelands contains the lowest calcium-magnesium ratio found anywhere, meaning that even after 600 million years little soil has formed."

This bedrock has its origins several kilometres beneath the ocean floor.

over-deepened lakes. Western Brook Pond and 10 Mile Pond are classic examples of the inland fjords which have made Gros Morne famous.

The third natural region is the coastal plain. It is characterized by forest, streams and bogs. The park has built several short hiking trails to nearby points of interest, including Berry Hill, Baker's Brook Falls and Berry Hill Pond Trail, all near the park's administrative settlement Rocky Harbour. Although the bogs may appear biologically uninteresting — look carefully. Newfoundland's provincial flower, the

pitcher plant, consumes insects to help it live in an otherwise nutrient-poor environment. Also keep an eye out for the Newfoundland bakeapple, an unusual but pleasant tasting yellowish-orange berry.

The Arctic-alpine country of the Long Range Mountains is the fourth region. As few trails extend into this region, it is almost entirely in its natural state. The James Callaghan Trail has been built to the top of Gros Morne Mountain. For those hikers wanting a challenging, multi-day

hike, a trek from Western Brook Pond to Gros Morne Mountain is ideal.

This hike starts off easily — with a four km boardwalk trail and a spectacular boat trip down Western Brook Pond. Although referred to locally as a pond, Western Brook Pond is actually more than 16 km long, at least 150 m deep and surrounded by cliffs 650 m high. Western



Hiking Gros Morne's rugged back country with 10 Mile Pond as a scenic backdrop

Millions of years ago, the rock was pushed into its present position by colliding plates (large sections of continent and ocean). It marks a time when Western Newfoundland had active volcanoes and earthquakes, and whole mountain ranges were being formed. More recently, glaciers have further sculpted the landscape providing sheer-sided valley walls and

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Brook Pond is a focal point for many visitors to the park since its fjord-like setting has changed little since the last ice age. The crystal clear water contrasts with almost vertical, ice-sculpted cliffs, making this one of the most photogenic lakes in Eastern Canada. The boat travels three times a day from June to mid-September but is popular, so reserve ahead of time.

At the eastern end of the pond the hike really begins. The only trail that exists is that made by moose, caribou and the occasional backpacker. "This hike is probably one of the toughest in any national park," says a park naturalist. Anyone attempting it should know how to use a map and compass. According to a local warden, "we have to search for several parties each summer." Fortunately this initially tough section is only three km long (but will likely take four to six hours) and the views back down Western Brook Pond are striking.

Once on top the route is easier — grassy meadows, open forest and tundra make walking enjoyable but finding routes is still hard work. Here snow lingers well into the summer and caribou are often seen huddled on the semi-permanent snow-fields, not because they prefer ice and snow but to reduce the nuisance of black flies and mosquitoes.

Newfoundland caribou in this area of the park number well over 300. At one time, caribou roamed over much of the Atlantic Provinces but now are found only



This desert-like moonscape in the park looks more like Arizona than Newfoundland

in the remote high country of Newfoundland. In fact, if hikers are faced with an uncertain route through "tuckamore" — the local name for thick, wind-stunted vegetation — they should search for a route created by the full-time residents, the caribou and moose.

The entire trip will likely take three or four days, but plan food for five days, since bad weather can slow you down. Also be sure to let the wardens know your

plans and let them put the best route on your topographic map. With its inspiring back country, the Long Range Mountains of Gros Morne National Park provide a challenging, Arctic-alpine experience, without the complications of travelling to the Yukon or Northwest Territories. For the physically and mentally prepared visitor, the spectacular scenery and wildlife viewing opportunities are unparalleled in Eastern Canada.



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A fussy vegetable

Locally grown asparagus is offering Atlantic Canadians a fresh alternative to imports from Ontario and California

by Judith Comfort

The steppes of Russia are covered with wild asparagus. The cultivated plant does well in frigid Manitoba and even thrives in Siberia. But Maritimers have been struggling for more than 200 years to grow asparagus. It isn't fair.

As early as 1785, asparagus seed was imported by ship to Halifax and sold at wharveside along with cabbage, carrot and turnip seed. It was "warranted to be of the last year's growth and of the best quality." At the turn of the century, the Nova Scotia Nursery on Lockman Street in Halifax sold 100 Conover's Colossal asparagus roots for two dollars.

What our farming ancestors discovered was that asparagus is a fussy vegetable. It likes a deep, rich, light soil and detests a cold, wet spring. Early Maritime farmers were willing to give many things a try — the potato from the high plateau of Bolivia, via Ireland, and the German Gravenstein apple — but when it came to feeding half a dozen children and working 80 hour weeks to produce a cash crop, it made more sense to grow something that actually preferred our rain, wind and soil. Except for small backyard gardens, asparagus did not make good economic sense.

Times have changed. Today some Atlantic Canadians eat vegetables like arugula, radicchio and asparagus. Local growers, realizing that those people are willing to pay to import asparagus from California and Ontario, have begun to say, "we can do it too."

Four years ago Carole and Perry Lidster planted four acres of their land at Starr's Point, near Port Williams, N.S., with fleshy Viking 3 K asparagus roots. The Lidsters say that it's been a challenge to adapt farming methods learned in British Columbia to our Maritime situation, but they are succeeding. They have learned to leave the stalks growing at the end of the summer (they are usually cut down) to trap snow. The snow acts as a winter insulator from the cold and wind. They have also decided that eight inches is the optimum depth for planting for their soil.

Last year the whole family, including ten-year-old Amanda, nine-year-old Andrew and five-year-old Caitlin, harvested 1,000 pounds of asparagus from each acre planted. Four hours a day for five weeks, they went out in the field to

cut off the little green stalks.

Fresh spears picked by the Lidsters in the morning and delivered to the supermarkets in Halifax were in someone's pot for supper that evening, fewer than 12 hours later. Consumers used to week-old, imported asparagus quickly snatched up the local stuff.

And throughout the season, which lasted from May 10 to June 30, people stopped by the farmhouse to buy Lidster asparagus by the pound. In spite of the hard work, the family remains enthusiastic about their crop. Carole shares her recipes and Perry offers tips for people who want to start their own patch.

Stir-fried Asparagus, Cashews and Chicken

- 1½ lbs. asparagus
- 6 green onions
- 1 lb. boneless chicken breast
- 2 tbsp. peanut oil
- ½ cup raw cashew nuts
- 2 slices peeled fresh gingerroot
- 1 small clove garlic, crushed
- ¾ cup chicken broth
- 3 tbsp. dark soya sauce
- 1 tbsp. dry sherry
- ½ tsp. sugar
- 1 tbsp. cornstarch

Wash and cut the asparagus into 1½ inch pieces. Slice green onions into 1 inch pieces. Cut the chicken breasts into thin slices. Heat oil in a wok or large skillet. Add the cashews and cook, stirring constantly until golden brown. Remove from skillet. Add chicken and stir briskly with a spatula for two minutes or until meat is opaque. Remove meat from skillet. Add the asparagus, onions, ginger and garlic. Stir fry for one or two minutes. Add the chicken broth, cover and steam for two minutes. Combine soya sauce, sherry, sugar and cornstarch in a cup. Add to asparagus and stir until sauce is thickened. Toss in the chicken and cashews, cook for one minute or until hot. Serve immediately over hot rice. Serves four.

Asparagus with Vinaigrette

- 2 lbs. asparagus
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. freshly ground pepper
- ½ tsp. dry mustard
- 2 tbsp. lemon juice
- ½ cup olive oil
- 2-3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced

Bring a large pot or roaster, three-quarters full of water, to a boil. Add two tps. salt to the water. Place the spears in the water and partially cover until the water boils again, then uncover and cook for three minutes. Drain asparagus, lift to a towel and pat dry. Arrange asparagus on a serving platter. Garnish with egg slices. Beat oil, lemon juice, mustard, pepper and salt in a small bowl and pour over the asparagus. Serve at room temperature or cover and chill. Serves four.

Asparagus in puff pastry

This luncheon or supper delicacy was provided by Bernard Meyer, *chef de cuisine* at The Pines Resort Hotel in Digby.

- 24 spears fresh asparagus
- 1-2 quarts cold water
- 1½ tbsp. sea salt
- 2 cups asparagus bouillon
- ¼ lb. unsalted butter
- 1 tsp. chopped chives
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- salt and pepper
- 1 recipe puff pastry (see below)

Peel the asparagus from top to bottom with the spears lying flat. Plunge immediately into ice cold water to preserve colour. Remove and assemble into a bouquet in your hand, tying together with butcher's string to keep desired shape. Place the bouquet in boiling salted water and let simmer for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove and place on a towel to dry.

Roll out puff pastry dough (see below) to ½ in. thickness and cut into desired shape. Brush with ice water and place in the refrigerator for 25 minutes. Brush with a mixture of egg yolk and water and place in the fridge for another 10 minutes. Cook in a preheated 350-400°F oven for 10 minutes or until golden. Remove from oven and cool.

Delicately cut prepared puff pastry into two pieces laterally. Place the asparagus bouquet between the layers, arrange and carefully remove string. Centre on a serving plate and place in a warm oven.

Reserve two cups of asparagus bouillon (water in which asparagus was cooked) and continue to heat until reduced to half. Add the butter at room temperature and stir with a whisk until melted. Make sure the mixture does not boil. Add the chopped chives and parsley and season to taste.

Remove the plate from oven and take off the top half of the pastry. Pour the herb sauce over the spears and around the plate to decorate. Replace the top and serve immediately. Serves two.

Puff pastry

- 1 cup pastry flour
- 1 cup all-purpose flour



$\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled unsalted butter cut into six pieces
 2 tsp. salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ - 1 cup icewater
 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chilled unsalted butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup all-purpose flour

To make pastry, combine flours, cut-up butter and salt in a food processor or electric mixer until mixture resembles coarse meal. With machine running, add just enough ice water to make a stiff but pliable dough. Shape into a flattened ball and wrap tightly in plastic wrap. Refrigerate for 30 minutes.

For pastry butter, sprinkle remaining 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter with flour and knead until soft but still cold. Shape into a rectangular


block, 6 x 9 inches.

Remove pastry mixture from the refrigerator and cut a deep cross in the dough. Spread out the sections of dough so that the centre is the thickest part. Roll it in opposite directions to form a four-leaf clover, keeping the centre thicker. Place the block of butter diagonally in the centre of the clover leaf and bring the edges of the pastry to the centre, enclosing the butter completely. Wrap tightly in plastic wrap and chill for one hour.

To make the "turns," place the chilled dough on a lightly floured surface. Pound lightly and evenly with a rolling pin to make the dough pliable. Roll out into a rectangle approximately 9 x 16 inches. With the 9-inch side in front of you, fold

into thirds, starting with the bottom third and folding over the top third.

Turn the dough so that the narrow end faces you, keeping the seam on your right (a quarter turn). Roll the dough out into the rectangle again and fold into thirds. You have now completed two turns. Wrap in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 30 minutes.

Pound the dough evenly and again roll out into a 9 x 16 inch rectangle. Complete two more turns as above, to make four turns. Wrap in plastic wrap and refrigerate for 50-60 minutes. Repeat procedure for two more turns to make a total of six turns. Refrigerate until needed. The dough may be frozen for up to six months. Makes 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. 



Winning two gold medals at an international competition is a laudable feat by any standard but the challenge for **Francine Lemire** of Corner Brook, Nfld. took more than average determination. She was competing in the World Disabled Games in Innsbruck, Austria and captured gold in two cross-country skiing events. "My learning to ski was a work of love," says Lemire.

With one leg amputated above the knee and skiing on a prosthesis, Lemire won the five kilometre race in 17 minutes and 33 seconds and the 10 kilometre event in 36 minutes, 30 seconds. In both races she found herself skiing in a class higher than her own.

"I discovered two days before the event that I was the only above-knee amputee. Because of this I had to enter a higher class than my own with people disabled below the knee. I felt this diminished my chances to win because I expected a person with a disability below the knee to perform better than me."

Lemire says winning felt great. "It was an accomplishment for me because I beat competitors who beat me four years ago. It showed an improvement in my technique and my level of fitness."

"I believe that many people who say they cannot ski, can. I've seen blind people ski — downhill as well as cross country. However you can't do it alone," she says. "You need the help of people who will be committed to providing you with assistance."

Lemire has been interested in skiing almost all her life. She tried downhill when she was a teenager and cross country when she first moved to Newfoundland. "But I gave up because it seemed as if I could only walk around on the snow," says Lemire. "Then I met a wonderful man who has become my coach and husband and he made it his personal project to teach me to ski. It was a work of love." Lemire, who has a general medical practice in Corner Brook, also won a gold medal in the 1986 World Championships in Salen, Sweden in a 10 kilometre race.

— *Connie Crossley*

Ontario-born **Vera Bates** began her working life as a surgical nurse in Montreal. After stints managing a hotel in Jamaica and as a fashion co-ordinator in New York (picking up five languages along the way), she found Prince Edward Island.

"I still love New York, but always want to get back to the country," says Bates. "For me it was straight from New York City to Prince Edward Island."

Now Vera Bates is one of the most respected sheep farmers in the region. After dominating the show ring throughout the Maritimes, the offspring of her Polled Dorsets (a breed of sheep) are in constant demand. Dedication and the quality of her flock has brought her enough honours to cover a whole wall in her Brooklyn home with ribbons.

It was a combination of a love of people, desire for a new challenge and an admitted need for additional income that led Bates to convert her farm to a bed and breakfast. The house, which was best described as ramshackle when pur-

chased, has been restored to a rustic charm outside while acquiring a style inside that reflects her time spent in the world of fashion.

Tanned sheepskins, all manner of hand-made articles by the Island's best wool crafts people — woven and knitted garments, yarn and fuzzy little ornamental sheep — vie with preserves from her kitchen in her tiny shop called the Sheep Shed. An added bonus for guests came about as a result of her love for creative cooking. With advance reservations, guests can indulge in lamb barbecues, gourmet dinners made with Vera's recipes, or a meal of Middle-East delicacies.

These days Islanders are as likely to find Vera Bates speaking behind a podium or wearing a judge's cap as standing the sheep in the show ring. When she's not competing or judging sheep, she is enjoying her new duties as an announcer.

Her career in sheep has also given her an opportunity to travel, something she enjoyed during her New York days. Last year she participated in the Federated



Lemire: all you need is the help of a committed friend and your own determination



JOHN C. WATSON

Vera Bates: a champion sheep breeder

Farmers of New Zealand conference, visiting Indonesia along the way. Her face is familiar at farm meetings at home and away.

In fact, Redcliffe Farm can almost be termed an international household. Along with guests from many places Vera Bates is involved with World Youth and hosts young visitors from many nations.

— Julie Watson



DARRELL OAKE

Robinson: fighting for aboriginal rights

As a 16-year-old Mic Mac Indian bride, the painfully shy **Viola Robinson** never dreamed that in a few short years, she would emerge as an elected leader of her people. Thirteen years ago, with the youngest of her six children still in diapers, Robinson was elected president of the Native Council of Nova Scotia and has held the position since then.

Robinson speaks for the more than 5,000 Mic Macs who don't live on reserves. Soft-spoken and with a quiet presence, Robinson's words are powerful. She pulls no punches when she says Canada has its own system of apartheid when it comes to dealing with its native Indians.

"The Indian Act (Bill C-13) is not designed for people to progress in any way," Robinson says. She objects to the federal government's current classification system of "on-reserve" and "off-reserve" Indians, saying the terms are restrictive.

Working out of her office in Truro, she travels the province fulfilling many speaking engagements and carrying the same message: that the government has a responsibility for all aboriginal peoples in this country no matter where they live.

"If you're an Indian, you're an Indian," she says.

Her work over the past 13 years has been intensive and required a supportive family. But that work has influenced a younger generation of native Mic Macs, and her eldest daughter is the elected chief of the Acadia Band in Yarmouth.

Robinson has travelled across Canada, meeting many times with three prime ministers. A high point in her life, she says, was meeting and speaking with the Pope on his first Canadian visit.

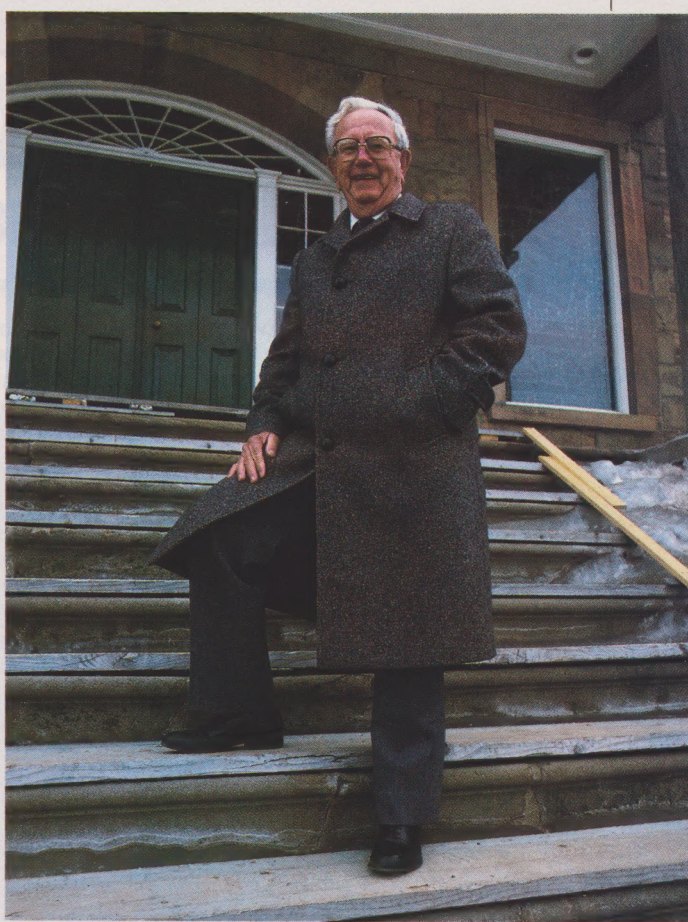
"I believe one of the most important things is to educate the public and let them know our issues," Robinson says. Aboriginal rights are high on native peoples' agendas here and across the country. "Believe me," she says, "Nova Scotia's voice is right there."

— Rosemary Godin

Reginald Tweeddale of Prince William, N.B. is a modest man. "I'm very honoured but I can't understand why they would choose me," he said after being named a member of the Order of Canada. It is this unassuming quality, despite his numerous accomplishments, that has distinguished the 73-year-old man who was once known as Mr. Electricity.

It's a name befitting the first general manager of the New Brunswick Power Commission, a man known as "the one who lit up New Brunswick," because of his work in getting electrical lines into rural communities in the late '50s.

It was also under his leadership that the first power pool in Canada was established between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, an accomplishment which



Tweeddale: tackling the arms race his latest project

saved the provinces many millions of dollars.

The Order of Canada recognition came on his 73rd birthday last Christmas Eve.

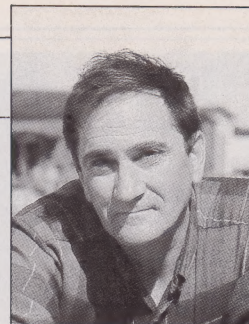
Tweeddale retired from full-time employment in 1974 and later from his position on several committees, including the board of governors of UNB. But idleness is something foreign to this energetic senior. His passion these days includes growth of a different kind, a nursery of more than 45 different varieties of ornamental shrubs. Across his back yard, which looks out over the Mactaquac Dam headpond — he supervised its construction in the '60s — more than 4,000 shrubs flourish in the fertile soil.

Tweeddale also keeps active in world affairs. His current position with the Canadian Institute of International Affairs gave him the opportunity to visit the Soviet Union. He is convinced the average Soviet citizen has the same concerns as people in Canada about the arms race. He says it is the apathy of Canadians, the feeling nothing can be done to help, that must be changed before an impact will be felt.

"I firmly believe if people join together we can do something about it. At the very least, we can let our federally elected representatives know that we won't vote for them if they support the nuclear arms race," he says.

— Louella Billings

GEOFFREY GAMMON



Possessed by pothole pride

John Joseph Murphy was even more chipper, more dapper, more mellifluous than usual because he was now as close to the Kingdom of Heaven as a cornerboy can get in this world — he'd just been elected mayor of the City of St. John's.

Amid the crackle of an election night, His Worship paused in the foyer of City Hall and said appropriate words to the TV cameras. This, his first *Urbi et Orbi*, ended with a novel declaration of high civic intent... "and I want to make this a city of which even Ray Guy will be proud."

Well, chills, darlings! Chills! Uneasy has lain the head that marks the municipal exam papers. In the years which have followed, Professor Guido has been guilty of giving out only one "A for a lay" as it is so crudely termed in academic circles...and of which more later.

John Joseph suits St. John's uncommonly well. He is the quintessential Townie, a genuine cornerboy who by diligence and marriage, boosted himself into the upper ranks of the middle class and eventually took the place of honour around the parish pump.

A few footnotes here for the sake of the foreign press — Townie, known also as a "real St. John's man," is one of a dwindling core of aboriginals surrounded by ever-increasing hordes of Baymen and strangers but who still has, in a curious way, the ultimate upper hand.

The Townie draws his psychic force from the thin and sooty turf overlaying the rocks surrounding the harbour basin. Many North American towns display the cutesy roadside slogan, "If you lived here, you'd be home already." But when your Townie says (or at least thinks) this, he embodies supreme self-confidence tinged with not a little malicious glee because it's directed towards panic-stricken newcomers.

His Worship is a true Townie. He began life further down the rigid social scale as a cornerboy. Cornerboys (as any Bayman will tell you) hang around street corners from the time they're smudge-cheeked urchins until they achieve their pipe-sucking dotage.

But once a cornerboy moves up a notch or two he's proud of his modest beginnings and sometimes makes much of them in the same way that other *arrivistes* may claim to have been born in a log cabin or a manger.

Anyone seeking an insight into this

particular corner of the Atlantic must try to understand why His Current Worship suits St. John's so well. He fits it like a pigskin glove. The Navel of the Universe has found a Chief Magistrate who is close to its heart.

Mr. Murphy, CM, by dint of mercantile enterprise in the discount garment trade, now mingles but will never meld with the Townie upper crust, eight or 10 rather incestuous families founded centuries back by factors of the West Country English fishocracy. These good old boys, the solid burghers of the town, still run it with a certain childlike simplicity and relish dating from mid-Victorian times.

Civic events are run the way they always were — along the committee-ridden lines of a church garden party with plenty of flags and bunting and cheap gimcracks as special treats for children and the labouring classes. As coordinating chairman, Mayor Murphy shines. He is also satisfyingly fierce in maintaining the illusion that first there is St. John's and then there is the less-fortunate rest of Planet Earth.

Even the immediate suburbs (let alone places like Hali-bloody-fax) are more to be pitied than laughed at. The true Townie who ventures much west of Patrick Street, the scene of His Worship's cornerboyhood, carries survival gear and worries about attacks by primitive Beothuks or Baymer. This is the other side of the Townie coin, the reverse of the outrageous self-confidence absorbed from thin and sooty home turf. Your true St. John'sman is just as prone to panic once outside St. John's as is your visiting IBM executive stranded in limbo by five straight days of fog at Torbay Airport, or some terrified old geezer of a Bayman faced with having to end his days under the roof of his Townie daughter-in-law.

Thus, civic pride, to a Townie, has a certain ring of desperation to it. When you're stuck in a place, even the debits must somehow be turned into credits. Townies tend to profess pride in the size, quantity and axle and ankle-cracking capabilities of St. John's potholes. (So, we hear, do true-blue New Yorkers but Manhattan was still a swamp when your St. John's Townie had already settled into a comforting sort of pothole pride.)

In the few years since His Current Worship took it as his mission in life to make me proud of St. John's, I gave "an A for a lay" but once, and doubt if even a general confession will make me

whole again.

CBC-TV did a series on Canadian cities. Through some unfathomable twist, Mother Corp gave me the tap to do the half-hour on St. John's. I prefaced with an abject disclaimer — that although I'd lived in the city for a quarter of a century, I was a professional Bayman and still eight generations short of being a real Townie.

Mayor Murphy should have done it himself. I was set to do a parody on the Navel of the Universe until I heard that Mayor Klein had done Calgary. Pothole pride possessed me in a diabolical fashion and I kept asking myself, "how would John Joseph handle this?"

So I stood ankle deep in condoms and orange peels at the edge of St. John's Harbour and waxed exceedingly purple about the Old City by the sea; I stood in doggie-do on street corners and warbled about historic stones, great naval battles and catastrophic conflagrations; I strolled down puke-spattered alleyways and rattled on about indomitable spirit, hoydenish *joie de vivre* and enough other claptrap to gag a Board of Trade.

The psychic shock of it all may have scrambled me for life. Mayor John J. Murphy CM, let it be known that he thoroughly approved. These Townies sure know how to twist the knife on a Bayman.

Filth is another important key to understanding St. John's. Roughly half the citizens claim it's the filthiest city this side of the tropics and the other half insists that you could do heart transplants on any sidewalk in town. It's a never-ending debate.

All I know is, there's great excitement in spring when the snow goes. Much spectacular litter is revealed — anything from a defunct cornerboy still clutching his bottle of domestic sherry to an executive jet which, during a blizzard, mistook Merrymeeting Road for Runway Two.

As a stranded Bayman, my single glimmer of unforced civic pride in St. John's is based on the same thing now as it was two or three worships before John Joseph — people here do not let doors bang in your face.

It's a tiny ritual, a small gesture. Even if the person ahead of you exits the shopping mall or the Unemployment Insurance Office at a stretch gallop, he will make a quick and curious backward motion of the hand toward the door to show his civil intention. All that and potholes, too. ☒

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